

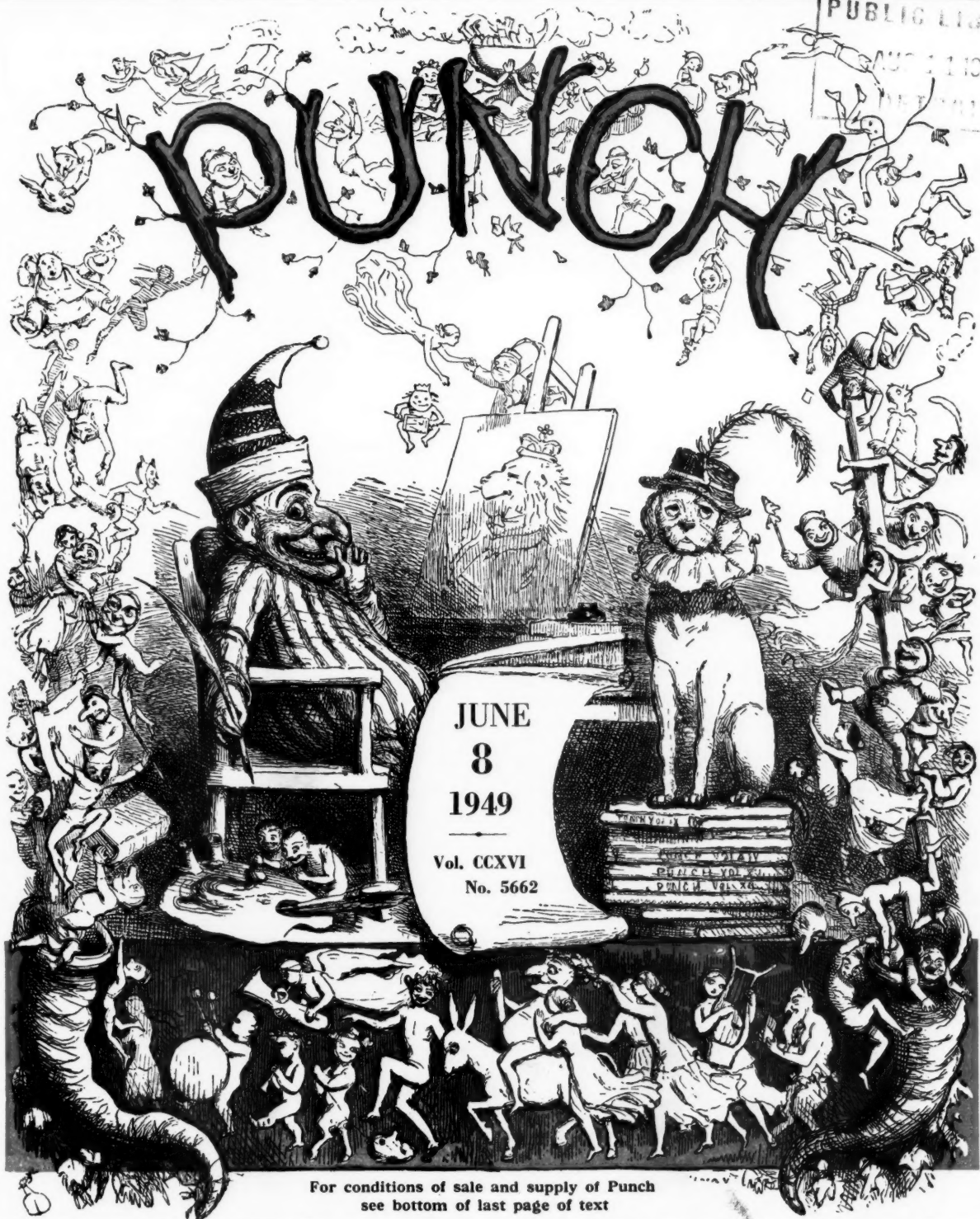
PERIODICAL

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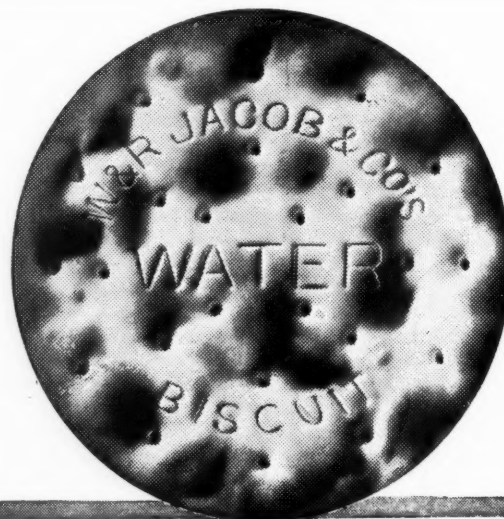
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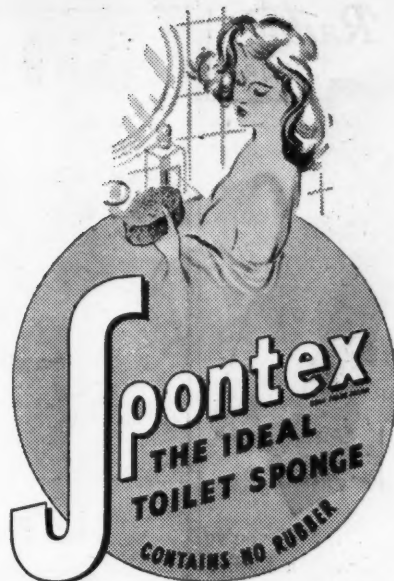
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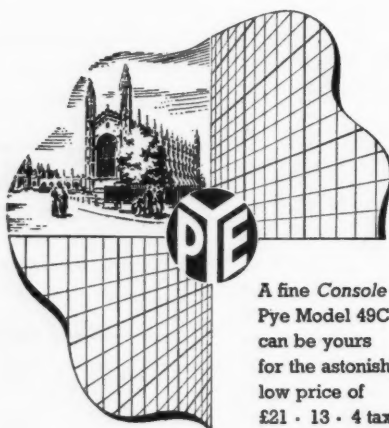
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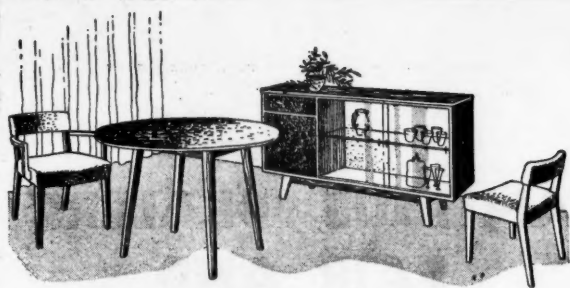
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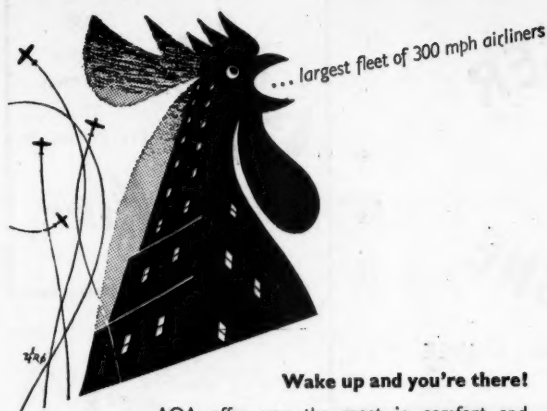
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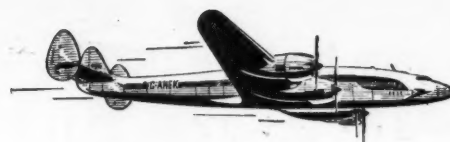
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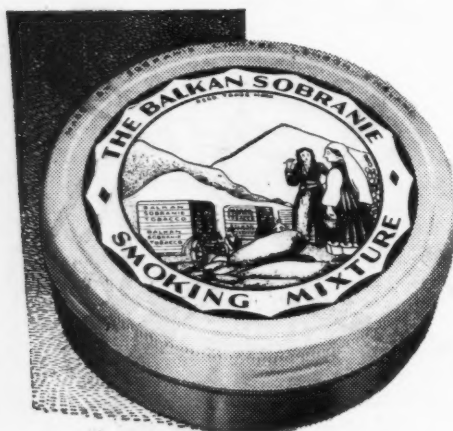


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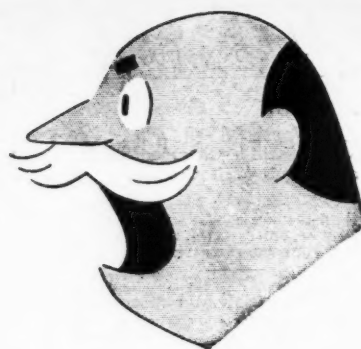
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world. With Balkan Sobranie glowing  
in the bowl of your favourite briar  
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of the rarest Yenidje leaf mellowed  
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smoking is the perfect answer to every  
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to match your every mood...



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in his present mood!**

**Won't someone put him  
on to Benger's Food?**

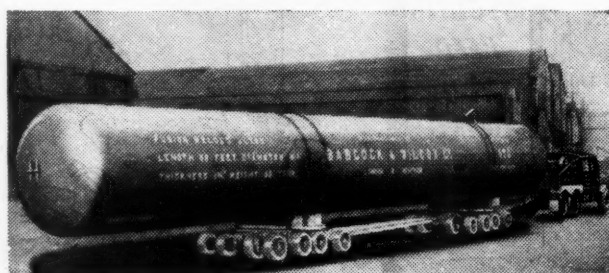
When your digestion is out of order, practise  
what is known as Rest-Therapy—rest your  
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Benger's Food at night. "Bengers" is rich  
nourishment, pre-digested. It soon soothes  
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Vol. CCXVI No. 5662

June 8 1949

## Charivaria

A SCOTTISH nonagenarian says he never consulted a doctor until this year. He had always maintained that ultimately they would get cheaper.

"BANK LOCKS ITS DOORS  
Directors seek way out of difficulties"  
Headlines from "Evening Standard"

Through the window-dressing, perhaps?



We are told that a successful screen test must reveal charm, beauty, glamour, intelligence and personality. A knowledge of three foreign languages is the only additional requirement for air hostesses.

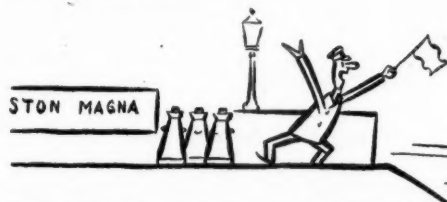
A headline informs us that Mr. Strachey has contracted to buy sardines. He never shrank from snoek.

"In saluting to-day, therefore, the better hopes of peace now visible in Europe, we must give our thanks to the extraordinary foresight and liberal-windedness of the United States."

Sunday paper

Thanks, then, for the filibuster.

To become a really good tennis-player, we are told, a child should be taught how to hold a racket as soon as he can walk. By eighteen months he should have learned to say "Sorry, partner."



A Communist speaker makes the interesting suggestion that the Government should send a good-will mission to Russia. Unfortunately some countries seem to run out of good will faster than we can supply it.

"CITY DECLINE TOULOUSE MATCH"  
Leicester "Evening Mercury"

Toulon away, perhaps?

An exceptional number of seagulls have been seen at Southend lately, although ornithologists say they are rarely found so far inland.

A woman in court said that a quarrel with her husband started when he wanted to take a seidlitz powder and couldn't find a glass. The upshot was a storm in a teacup.



Grand

"According to information available in Delhi, the pilot of the plane 'made a good piece of landing.'"

It is now known that the deputy Prime Minister's piano force-landed some 40 miles north of Jaipur near Shahpura."

Indian newspaper

A man who missed his train at an East Anglian station borrowed a bicycle, overhauled the train and caught it at the next station. He had a seat for the first part of his journey.



## Birds on the Wing

BIRDS on the wing  
That have no time to sing  
Sustenance for their starving children bring;  
Am I then wrong  
To spend my time in song  
While the gaunt hungry tradesmen round me throng?

O you from whom  
I rent this little room,  
Stand not before me with a face like doom;  
I'll but rehearse  
A new and ringing verse  
Giving you blessing for your every curse.

I cannot pay  
But with some paltry lay  
That shall for idle minds idle an hour away;  
Good friend and neighbour,  
Do you indulge in labour,  
My work's to pipe my flute and bang my tabor.

Is it a sin,  
Such world as we live in,  
One man should make faint music in the din  
Of wheel and plough?  
There's sweat upon my brow,  
And sweat's the only gold that glitters now.

R. P. LISTER

o o

## Comrades, Laugh Me Here a Little

**W**HEN, some days ago, M. Vyshinsky was seen to smile at a reception in Paris, there was understandable alarm. The implications that lay behind this display of geniality were widely canvassed. Explanations varied, but the general lesson drawn, at least in Western Europe, was that it was time to close our ranks, stand firm, and prepare to resist wedges.

It now appears that M. Vyshinsky may simply have been smiling at a joke. Behind the Iron Curtain new directives have been issued in recent weeks on the correct attitude to humour, and signs are not wanting that even in the satellite countries laughter is now regarded as not necessarily an insult to the proletariat. A sharp rebuke is administered, for instance, in a Roumanian paper, to those who "consider any joke a deviation from the line and who by their rigid behaviour stifle all merriment, good humour and gaiety." This is clear enough. Comrades have got to be gay. In particular M. Vyshinsky, never the man to be backward in carrying out the Kremlin's suggestions, must rid himself of his silly habit of stifling all merriment. He does his best. His smile irradiates the chamber—and all the political correspondents rush out to cable you and me to keep our heads down. It hardly seems fair.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Moscow has now licensed absolutely unrestricted laughter and fun throughout its dominions. Life cannot very well be one long Saturnalia, as we found out for ourselves over here when sweets came off the ration. What is wanted is laughter with a purpose—and what that purpose is the new Roumanian comic magazine *Urzica* makes amply clear in its first issue. *Urzica* means, I am told, the Nettle—a fact to some extent borne out by the frontispiece, which shows Uncle Sam and other capitalists (drawn, it has to be admitted, without real affection) fleeing in terror before an advancing nettle leaf.

"Reactionaries" (says the caption, in case you missed the point), "kulaks, rumour-mongers, bureaucrats and spreaders of alarm and despondency are all scared to death because they have been stung by the nettle."

What *Urzica* cannot, without immodesty, say for itself about its aims is well put by *Scanteia* (another Roumanian paper sadly neglected in this country) in an announcement preceding the Bucharest Charivari's first appearance:

*"The decadent bourgeoisie has turned humour into an inferior branch of literature, and has allowed it to sink deeper and deeper into coarseness and pornography, with a view to camouflaging the deadly pestilence of capitalism. As opposed to this, the proletariat, the class which will break capitalism and build Socialism, pitilessly exposes the faults of the bourgeoisie, and struggles against everything that is rotten and must disappear. The proletariat therefore is the only class capable of using satire and humour with the purpose not only of chastising the class enemy but also of liquidating the traces of bourgeois influence in the minds of men, and of educating the working masses."*

It may easily be imagined, after this, with what eagerness the people of Roumania, so long starved of gaiety and good humour, seized upon the first issue of the Nettle. Thirty-three thousand copies were disposed of in no time. The streets of Bucharest, the trams, the places of popular refreshment rang with happy laughter, as the sly digs at reactionaries and at what the editor, in a pleasant phrase, calls the "furious writhings of imperialism," were read out and passed from mouth to mouth. Better still, when the first outburst of merriment was over, the frightened faces of kulaks and rumour-mongers would be more than enough to set the proletariat off again.

And already, in the *Urzica* office, the editor and his assistant are hard at work upon the second number.

ASSISTANT (presenting a drawing). Ho! Ho! Here is a good one from Comrade Vassily. This chastises the class enemy, I think.

EDITOR (pitilessly). Perhaps. But I cannot see that it liquidates the traces of bourgeois influence in the minds of men. Point out to Comrade Vassily that this is a humorous paper.

ASSISTANT. You are right, Comrade. It is rotten and must disappear.

To Mr. Bevin, struggling to make M. Vyshinsky laugh (and sinking, no doubt, deeper and deeper into coarseness in the attempt), the touchstones of humour adopted by the Editor of *Urzica* may present certain difficulties. It is not always easy, in the hurly-burly of a four-power conference, to recall a really good story at the expense of a kulak, nor is it much use, at a crisis, to send for the current number of *Punch*. M. Vyshinsky, even in his gayest mood, does not care for inferior branches of literature. What Mr. Bevin—what we must all do, if we are ever to get on giggling terms with the Russians, is to approach the business of laughter in an altogether more forward-looking spirit. The editor of *Urzica* gives us a hint here in his foreword:

*"Convinced (he says) that a humorous magazine is a very serious matter, we shall try to laugh in a new way . . ."*

We might begin by saying "Ugh! Ugh!" instead of "Ho! Ho!"

H. F. ELLIS

o o

## Thought on Sport

I SHOULDN'T mind seeing horses other people had picked out with a pin

Win

If it weren't that my own carefully thought-out system Missed 'em.



**DESIGN FOR A NATIONALIZED INDUSTRY**

*(A natural sequel to British Railways' Old-English-Taverns-on-Wheels)*





*"I'd like a word with you, Braithwaite—alone."*

## Theodore's Route March

AUGUSTE was the last to come down to breakfast, and it was with a shock that we saw he was wearing a neckerchief of bright-orange silk with half a map of Burma printed on each side. The coldest eye turned on him was probably that of Hereward, my sister Gloriana's husband, but Hereward only gulped and turned it away again in silence. It was Theodore, the rash member, who spoke.

"A sweet disorder in the dress," he observed, "may be all right in its place, but this is overdoing it. The importance of being suitably dressed cannot easily be over-stressed."

As though puzzled by the intricate metre of this last sentence he too relapsed into silence.

"Say you so?" said Auguste. "That comes well from the man who led the Light Infantry through Durban in 1941. It was in the *Golden Buttonhook*,"

he added, speaking between mouthfuls of kipper.

"The what?" said our sister Alexandrina.

"The Dutch ship in which we were travelling. She held a great many soldiers and had a name like that. You know the docks at Durban?"

"Point Docks?" I inquired, eager to appear travelled.

"Yes," said Auguste. "All the troops went ashore for a route march and I," he paused modestly, "was put in command of them for the purpose. They stretched for a mile or two along the dockside, and far, far away at the end of the line was a little party of Light Infantrymen commanded by my brother-in-law Theodore, the stickler for sartorial correctitude."

"I should be obliged," said Theodore, with a shudder, "if you would not refer to that deplorable incident. Wear a Union Jack round your neck if you like, Auguste. I don't mind really, I was only joking."

"You know about Light Infantry," Auguste went on, regardless. "They take hundreds of little short steps in a minute and march at least twice as fast as anyone else. That's why they were separate. Why Theodore was put in charge of them is a mystery. He was probably the least suitable officer in the ship. They started off first, so as to keep the main column out of their way, and it was quite a thing to see. On the word Go, given by me, they came belting down the line, the whole length of this enormous parade. It was a fine South African summer morning, if you know what that means, and warm—golly! We were all in khaki shorts and shirts and none too cool at that. Except Theodore."

"Cheer up, darling," said Alexandrina comfortingly to her husband, who looked like bursting into tears. "It's all over now."

"The memory is painful," said Theodore.

"Theodore," said Auguste, "was attired with faultless exactitude as for strolling across the Green Park from Wellington Barracks to Brook Street. Pre-war service dress, you know; plus-fours and puttees and brass buttons and that. You may get some idea of the picture if you try to imagine a long-legged officer of the Brigade of Guards, with a walking-stick, closely and hotly pursued by the competitors in a walking race, all much smaller than him and all in step, in a temperature of about ninety in the shade."

We considered the picture for a moment. It was fascinating.

"Black hat and all?" asked Hereward. "The one with the gold peak?"

"Certainly. I don't believe I should have been really surprised to see him wearing a sword. As he flashed, already breathing hard, between me and my pop-eyed soldiery, I was forced to turn away tactfully and gaze at the ship."

"He was good about that," Theodore admitted. "He pretended not to notice."

"As soon as he had vanished in a cloud of dust with his thirty-five men," Auguste continued, "I moved off with my thousands and marched straight through the middle of Durban and back. I had been told to find a route clear of the town, as a matter of fact, but what's the fun of that? Policemen on motor-bicycles and people throwing down cigarettes—we had no end of a time. However . . . Theodore apparently elected to do a Joshua-at-Jericho act and march all round the outside of the city. Or it may have been that after the first hundred yards or so he was only half-conscious and couldn't see where he was going. In any case we got back first, hot and thirsty but in reasonably good shape. I was just going up the gangway, I remember, when I heard the rattle of soldiers' feet speeding over the tarmac and there were the Light Infantry. We had marched a mere three miles: they must have done about fifteen."

Theodore groaned and hid his head in his hands.

"I didn't recognize him at first," said Auguste, "except by his hat. His face was a shiny purple and he appeared to have changed on the way into a dark-green uniform, doubtless by way of a compliment to the Light Infantry. When he came nearer I could see that it was not really green but black, or almost, and he moved with a weary squelching sound and left a trail of small puddles behind him. I thought at first that his men must have chased him into the sea, but no: it was just the effect of the warmth. He even had to squeeze out his hat."

"Yes," said Theodore. "And imagine the weight of my clothes. When I finally managed to get them off I found I couldn't lift them off the cabin floor. I don't know how I survived."

He was looking quite faint.

"Why was he wearing all this thick stuff, anyway?" I asked Auguste.

This was answered unexpectedly by Hereward.

"He's got knobbly knees," he said, "and doesn't like to be seen in shorts. And Auguste wears that thing round his neck because he's got a knobbly Adam's apple."

This started a general turmoil and I slid out through the window.

## Procne—at Last

SONGSTERS of air and tree  
Have aye been dear to me,  
What kind the bird may be  
Makes little matter;  
In town or Sussex woods  
They can produce the goods,  
For choice the latter.

Yet of all birds that bring  
Joy with returning Spring  
It is a striking thing  
That I, in fact, up  
Till now had never heard  
A nightingale, the bird  
Of all most cracked up.

Oft when I've bade men mark  
How cheerly sings the lark,  
The blackbird too, and hark,  
How blithe yon linnet  
Or some old fat-voiced thrush,  
They've merely murmured, Tush,  
They're nowhere in it.

And when the tale's been told  
How Procne's "lyre of gold"  
Flatters the sylvan wold  
For miles about her,  
I've thought I'd missed a lot  
And wondered how I'd got  
Along without her.

Last night came one and led  
Me forth ('twas time for bed)  
"She sings, she sings," he said,  
"In yonder spinney;  
Come, and you'll find each note  
Wrung from that peerless throat  
Well worth a guinea."

Deep-shadowed lay the dell,  
(The moon was full as well)  
I could but own the spell,  
At least a touch of it,  
Yet, for that "lyre of gold"  
I, if the truth be told,  
Didn't think much of it.

DUM-DUM





*"Quick! Follow that batsman."*

### *The "Amateur" at Portmarnock*

IT turned out a happy decision of the St. Andrews Club to bury its Royal and Ancient head in a sand bunker, let political storms go whistling by, and have the "Amateur" played at Portmarnock. For this, the first such championship to be played outside the United Kingdom, was won by a Belfast man who plays most of his golf in England and who was acclaimed by the local crowd as though he came from Dublin round the corner.

It is doubtful, however, if serious golf-watchers will find Max McCready an ideal champion. For golf-watching is a licensed form of sadism and the player watched is expected to submit himself to it. You would have needed no further proof of this had you been standing by the second green at Portmarnock during the semi-finals, watching Willie Turnesa, the reigning American champion, play his second shot. As the ball, slightly pushed, was seen to be running for a bunker on the right of the green, the crowd, which was largely composed of priests,

doctors, and lawyers—men who, off a golf-course, are not supposed to gloat over human sins, ills, and follies—urged it onwards in hypnotic undertones. (However, being decent men at heart, they looked somewhat shamefacedly at each other when the ball finally came to rest in the sand. Then, "Ah, divil the difference," said someone. "He's as happy in a bunker as a dog in a dust-bin." And amid the murmurs of agreement you could feel the guilt lifting. The speaker was right of course. Turnesa blasted out to within a foot of the pin.)

Turnesa is an ideal subject for the golf-watcher. Throughout a whole match his mouth hardly moves save to receive another cigarette, and his utter intentness makes even a slight slip appear a mortal sin. But McCready actually looks as though he enjoys the game. He smiles most of the time, he jokes with friends who are watching, and when he is faced with a difficult shot he just walks up to the ball and hits it. At the last

hole of his semi-final match with Kenneth Thom, when the two men were all square, he pushed his drive into the rough on the right, while Thom pulled his slightly into the rough on the left. McCready's caddie, who knew what was right and proper on such occasions, left the bag of clubs beside the ball and proceeded to walk towards the green to study the situation. McCready shouted after him: "You can come back. I've made up my mind." He thereupon selected a club and hit the ball almost before the scandalized caddie had time to get out of the way. The shot he played was a very poor one, and we roared with laughter.

This match went to the twentieth, where both were on in two and about nine yards from the pin. Thom putted first and his ball just edged round the lip of the hole. McCready then announced to a friend, but loud enough for many to hear, that he was tired, that this match had gone on too long, and that he was going to have a bang



for the hole. He hit his downhill putt with great firmness, dead straight, and the ball banged against the back of the hole, leaped in the air, and rattled into the tin to sound the end of Thom's hopes. There has never been a champion who treated the game to such sacrilege.

However, there was enough stark golfing tragedy to please the most uninhibited sadist. For the whole week the wind blew with chill severity, usually from sea to shore, and Portmarnock looked as formidable as any golf-course in the world. It has three holes which even the longest and strongest could not reach in two shots, it has only three short holes, and the experts are asked to do the rest, ranging from 356 to 473 yards, in par fours. The holes are cannily angled, the bunkers are deep, and when we followed some of the lesser competitors into the wild, wild rough, plovers swooped on us to protect their nests which they had built in what they presumed to be impenetrable jungle.

Everyone, with proper native gloom, expected an American to win. There were only three who were expected to be dangerous—Willie Turnesa, the winner in 1947, Frank Stranahan, the holder, and Bill Campbell, who had recently beaten Stranahan in the Tam o' Shanter tournament in America. But *how* dangerous! Turnesa and Stranahan were at opposite ends of the draw, Campbell in the middle. As it happened, Campbell went out fairly easily in the third round to Major Blair, the Scottish international. The tall lanky American, in a yellow sweater and a white cap that had to be changed for a waterproof one every time it rained, played with un-American gaiety. As he holed a short chip from just off the twelfth green for a two: "Pardon me, Major," he murmured, "that sure was accidental." Blair, in plus-fours that almost qualified to be knickerbockers, and a tweed cap crammed dead straight on his head, kept a stiff military upper lip against the thunderbolt he obviously expected from his opponent, and went on hitting the ball down the middle. The thunderbolt never came and Campbell resigned charmingly on the last green.

Two rounds later Stranahan, playing with increasingly violent and threatening accuracy, murdered Blair, while Turnesa (whose name quite twisted the tongues of the Irish crowd, which turned it into "Tunisia") was making steady progress at the other end of the draw. In the third round a shocked crowd had watched Stranahan take as many as forty-two shots for the first nine holes, but on that occasion he was

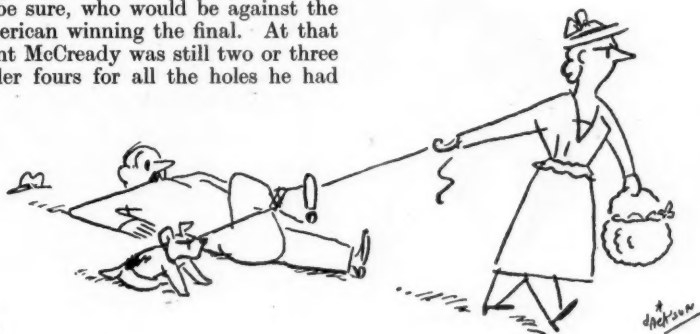
playing the not-so-young Brigadier-General Critchley, who struggled gamely but was in the end beaten more by Portmarnock than by Stranahan. Turnesa was also seen to be having some trouble with his wooden club shots, but despite these ghoulishly hopeful symptoms few expected anything but an all-American final.

Wonderful battles. First McCready beat Stranahan four and three and made the whole business of beating Americans look so easy that if it had not been for the blinding cerise sweater which only Stranahan could wear we might have thought McCready was playing a changeling. Then Brendan Scannell, a young golfer from the Woodbrook club in Co. Wicklow, almost caught Turnesa, coming from two down with three to go to lose to a heartbreaking long putt for a birdie three on the nineteenth. Millward beat a big strong Scottish golfer, Considine, who up to then had won all his matches without seeing the sixteenth, and Thom beat the cheery little Lancashire champion Jones. The afternoon was desperate. Turnesa, never on the fairway off the tee for the first seven holes, became two down to Millward, then won four holes in a row. But Millward, a burly ex-Commando, chewed gum stolidly, and with his ugly, powerful punch of a swing, went on hitting the ball in the middle. One down on the seventeenth tee, he stopped chewing long enough to remark that if he won that hole he thought he would get his man. Actually he pluckily holed a nasty six-footer to win in four, but he had reckoned without his Turnesa. The American banged his drive down the fairway and, with Millward badly short in two, calmly bumped a long iron to within two yards of the pin at this awkward 428-yard hole. As for the other semi-final, Thom will never again play such good golf and lose.

By Friday night there were actually people to be found, mostly Irishmen to be sure, who would be against the American winning the final. At that point McCready was still two or three under fours for all the holes he had

played in the championship, and this was golf which, in figures, Turnesa certainly could not match. But the hardened pessimists did not forget that Turnesa had only been beaten twice in match-play in the past two years. By noon the next day, when McCready had been round in a superlative seventy to be four up, every bar in Dublin was full of men swinging imaginary golf-clubs to show each other just how their man was putting it across Turnesa. The afternoon crowd that saw Turnesa, in hail and lightning and a howling blast that set the sea frothing wickedly alongside the course, turn four down at the eighteenth to come up at the twenty-eighth, couldn't have been unhappier had the lightning blasted them from the course. Yet McCready never stopped smiling and came back twice until at last he had his man on the thirty-fifth. At that hole, as Turnesa's drive rolled into a bunker just below us, a sepulchral golf-watcher behind said "Janey Mack! fancy coming three thousand miles to drive into a bunker at a time like this!"

The Portmarnock members appeared to enjoy organizing this championship, which they did supremely well, as much as they enjoyed lashing out hospitality with untrembling hands to the visitors. On all sides they were covered with praise. Indeed, only one official emerged with a very slightly blurred reputation. On the twenty-first green in the final, when McCready and Turnesa were both on in two and almost the same distance from the hole, Professor Purcell, who was refereeing, produced an old and tangled piece of string from his pocket and began to unravel it with some difficulty so that he might measure the length of the putts. "Begob," said a voice behind us, "you'd think a professor of engineering would carry a tape measure."



## At the Pictures

Now Barabbas . . .—Maytime in Mayfair

TO make a stage play into a film, of course, you give it a strong injection of flashbacks. WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME's *Now Barabbas* . . . (Director: GORDON PARRY)—they make the title easier by adding three more words of the quotation in small type—has been injected with a good many, very short ones, and I'm not sure that they were necessary; but I admit they have been carefully placed as well as kept to minimum size, and only a bit of stage Irish in one of them seems noticeably unfortunate. The piece remains a sketch of prison life, held together by the too-obvious device of a man under sentence of death. I say "too obvious" because here again one can imagine setting out with a rule, a recipe: to write a story of prison life, you take a representative assortment of types, including a man in the death cell whose fate will provide you with an automatic climax one way or the other . . . The fate of such a man, the success or failure of his petition for reprieve, is the most obvious and easy way of bringing such a story to an end; similarly, his arrival at the prison is the simplest way of beginning it; he is the focal point round which can be arranged the requisite number of other characters and typical incidents—and there, presto! is the story.

Here he is the star (RICHARD GREENE) but not the most interesting character. His murder (his, I think, is the only crime we don't see committed or implied in flashback—probably a wise omission) is made understandable, but there is nothing notably

revealing about its effect on him or his attitude to it. None of the people shown is really examined below the surface, but skilful playing gives them strength, and I don't think it's by any means only one's natural craving (in such circumstances) for the release of laughter that makes the comic incidents seem so good. There is a delightful performance by GLYN LAWSON as the least "typed" character of the lot, an unquenchably irresponsible Negro prisoner. The whole thing is very much more entertaining and thought-provoking than the average film about a prison.

Why write about *Maytime in Mayfair* (Director: HERBERT WILCOX), which everybody knows—and none better than the people who most delight in it—must be a calculated effort to repeat all the most successful effects in previous Neagle-Wilcox, Neagle-Wilding, gaiety-and-charm-in-high-life money-makers? I write about it because I suppose thousands of ordinary filmgoers will decide it was the most enjoyable (and therefore the "best") picture of the year, and because I'm always interested in discussing the way the trick is done. In some moods I envy the people who don't realize it is a trick, the people who can honestly "lose themselves" in such a cliché-ridden, consciously "charming" story because they have an obscure feeling that ANNA NEAGLE is a personal friend who is really having these adventures; and yet . . . consider the ingredients of their meringue. To begin with the scene has to be Mayfair,



[Now Barabbas . . .

### Design for Nemesis

A Prison Governor—

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

that fascinating Elysium, populated by beautiful, cheerful, rich young people and pompous, comic, rich old people, and sunlit without interruption even in rain. Next comes the career-woman situation: Miss NEAGLE is the smart manageress of a fashion house, and this means numerous dress shows (and a dream sequence). Laughter with MICHAEL WILDING, the amusing young man, laughter at NICHOLAS PHIPPS, the comic friend, laughter at PETER GRAVES, the comic Menace; a few gags to show it's all really a game ("she reminds me of Anna Neagle," "the Michael Wilding fan club"). The basic circumstance of the man who inherits a fashion business is straight out of *Roberta*, which I seem to remember enjoying; but that was nearly fifteen years ago, and it had Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, and a lot more good tunes, and a band.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Survey

By the time these words appear London will probably be full of Grand Holiday Attractions, none of which I have yet seen. But it's quite safe to recommend *They Live by Night*, about which I shall be writing next week: a crime-and-pursuit story as humane and interesting as *The Window* (which is showing with it at the Academy).

In the country, *The Fallen Idol* seems to be going about again. This is a minor classic, an admirable British film (noticed here October 13th), and if it is anywhere within reach it's worth making an effort to see—or to see again. Others to look out for are *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (noticed March 2nd this year), a grim search-for-gold story with an excellent performance by WALTER HUSTON, and *Road House* (noticed April 13th), a tough thriller with good acid dialogue.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Maytime in Mayfair

### Three's Company

Michael Gore-Brown—MICHAEL WILDING; Eileen Grahame—ANNA NEAGLE

## Letter to My Publisher

**M**Y DEAR COLDWATER,—  
How nice of you to write! I was wondering when I should hear from you again. I am sorry, though not surprised, to learn that sales of *Why Do I Laugh?* have failed by £1 16s. to realize the amount of advance royalty paid me on publication—and surprised, though not sorry, to be asked if I have any hints on sales promotion. I have one or two.

In the first place I feel it would have been a great help to have the book on view in the book-shops. When it came out I did see two copies in a Fleet Street shop devoted mainly to textbooks on joinery and First Aid, but on entering and asking whether they had a copy was told that they had not. As I could not very well indicate those in the window without implying that my inquiry was frivolous I was obliged to leave without one. The only others I have seen are the six you generously (though less so than it seemed at the time) gave me, and the dozen I bought to present to friends of mine who were too poor to buy one. It seems to me, in short, that if the public is ignorant of the existence of a book, the task of selling it presents serious difficulties.

I have not forgotten that it was advertised; that brings me to my second point. I said nothing at the time, but was it wise to advertise my book cheek by jowl with *A Beginner's Manual of Mineralogy* and *The Romance of Veterinary Surgery*? I yield to none in my admiration for works of this nature, and I am sure that neither of these, at 30s. each, failed by £1 16s. to realize the amount of their authors' advance royalty . . . but there was something about the squat, black, menacing type-face employed to advertise them (and mine) which lacked any really cogent suggestion of gaiety. I suspect that members of the public whose eyes were slow enough to be caught by either of the two advertisements which appeared (to my knowledge, that is; there may have been others, probably in *The Municipal Record* or *Modern Nursing*) were left with the impression that my book was an esoteric physiological treatise (I was never really happy about the title); they may even have bought a copy under that misapprehension and later, having returned it, smarting with resentment at the deception, lost no chance to denigrate me in reading circles as a cheat and charlatan. However, that is mere speculation; let me merely say that a half-page in some

widely circulating journal, the space largely taken up with my name in 24-point Bodoni italic and some neat additional matter beginning "This unrivalled humorist . . ." would probably have done more good.

Do not think, please, that this hint of dissatisfaction over the publicity arises from any exaggerated notion of my gifts as a writer. I am merely trying, as requested, to give a hint or two on how to sell a book. And in this connection I might mention the "blurb"—as your profession so disgustingly styles the dust-wrapper synopsis. Any writer with enough sensibility to deserve the name must fail to do himself justice when asked to provide a blurb. He would rather write a dozen books than one blurb. If a publisher knows so little about his own authors and their books that he can't write their blurbs for them, then he should be removed from his elegant swivel-chair and put to some real work—writing, for instance. I can remember even now (and it is two years since you paid me the advance royalty which the sales of my book have failed by £1 16s. to realize) the agony I suffered in composing the blurb for *Why Do I Laugh?* Such an opening as "This brilliantly witty young man . . ." would have been perfectly legitimate for you. But could I write it? I could not. I tried the oblique approach ("Some men have the gift of laughter"), the understatement ("It may amuse you to glance"), the unvarnished truth ("This may not be the funniest book in the world")—all without success; had I known what I know now I might have tried the rueful



"But, my dear boy, we must do SOMETHING while the crisis is on."

whimsical: "This book, which may well fail by £1 16s. to realize, etc." But this would have been meaningless without revealing the actual amount of advance royalty paid me, and I am sure you would not want that disclosed; publishers are much maligned (so they say) already. Finally, I sent you those two hundred blotched, crumpled, deleted and stetted and re-deleted words beginning "We live in serious times," and continuing in a strain so moralizingly disconsolate as to plunge any prospective reader's spirits earthwards like a ham-strung lift. Moreover, in your blindness, you sent them straight to the compositor, and but for the introduction of a little faulty punctuation they were printed as submitted. Surely a live wire would not only have recognized this painful stuff as quite unsuitable for my book, but, further, would have instantly spotted its potentialities for the dust-wrapper of a cheap edition of *Les Misérables*?

But recriminations are profitless—if I may use the word at this time. I have made my suggestions, and I have every confidence that you will consider them carefully and assure me that they are impracticable. In the meantime I have pleasure in enclosing my cheque for £1 16s. Should you feel any reluctance to accept it, please extract six copies of *Why Do I Laugh?* from the nearest bale and dispatch to me. I can present them to those other friends of mine who would buy the book if only they could find a bookshop that had heard of it.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. BOOTHROYD



## On Scoring a Run

THE fact is I am not usually allowed to bat at all. To-day, however, it is unavoidable. For all has not gone well.

At the present moment our score stands at 121 for 9. This is in reply to a Wembury total of 125. And although Cedric, our captain, is still there with a sterling 27 not, he is at the bowler's end.

Undoubtedly the situation is full of interest.

As I approach the wicket Cedric comes out to meet me. He is, I notice, very red in the face and his eyes are bulging.

"Cedric," I remark quickly, "your eyes are bulging."

"Let them bulge," he answers. "And stand still, oaf, and listen to me." If Cedric has a fault, it is his tenseness. A cricket ground is no place for such emotions.

However, I comply.

"There are two balls to come," he goes on, "and you will have to face them. On no account are you to play any kind of stroke at all."

"Why not?" I ask, wounded. "My cover drive..."

"You may take guard," he concedes. "A nice safe centre is what the situation demands."

"Oh, goody!"

"And you will then place your bat in a defensive position in the block-hole. You will do this by keeping your left elbow well up and by turning the striking, or flat part of the bat towards the bowler. And you will not budge from that position until two balls have been bowled. After that you may relax. Is that quite clear?"

"Entirely," I reply. "May I run byes?"

"Only if I call," says Cedric. "And for Pete's sake tuck your legs out of the way somewhere."

"I like my legs," I point out—but he has gone and I am left to meditate on his words as I continue my journey towards the wicket.

And the decision I reach is that I am going to hit a six.

This is because of my legs. For although Cedric has shown himself to be aware of them, he has not taken them into full and proper consideration. But I have lived with my legs all my life and I know them. And I know, above all, that if I remain static when at the crease, they will inevitably at some time or other place themselves between wicket and wicket and be hit by the ball and I shall have to go.

Alternatively, muscular reaction will set in while the ball is on its way and I shall kick down the stumps with my back foot.

Both of these things have happened before and there is no reason why they should not happen again.

But if, on the other hand, I play what I call my forcing game, my legs will automatically retreat two paces towards square leg in the course of the stroke's execution. The bat will then wave at the approaching ball and may very well make contact with it. In which case, assuming I am not caught, I shall probably score something.

In other words, if I remain static I shall certainly get out; if I play my forcing game I stand a slight chance of survival.

There is no doubt in my own mind that the latter is the better policy.

But Cedric knows nothing of this and I do not propose to enlighten him. As ordered, I take a nice safe centre and crouch threateningly over the bat. Behind I can hear the wicket-keeper sucking his teeth. Ahead I can see that Cedric's eyes are still bulging.

The bowler approaches. He is a wizened little man in drain-pipe trousers, brown spiked shoes and a leather belt. He bowls slow and, I suspect, straight. Already he has taken four wickets.

He trots up, stops dead at the bowling crease and lets loose a high floater. At once, in accordance with the system, I take two paces towards square leg. I then raise my bat in a menacing manner, sway backwards so that all the weight is placed on the right leg and lunge.

And what is more, I connect.

True, I do not connect properly—but the fact remains that I am not yet out. The ball zoops off the edge of the bat and swerves wildly towards cover-point. But it is swerving away from him and I do not think he will catch it...

And so I shriek "Run!" at Cedric and am halfway up the pitch before he moves. As we pass I can hear him muttering to himself.

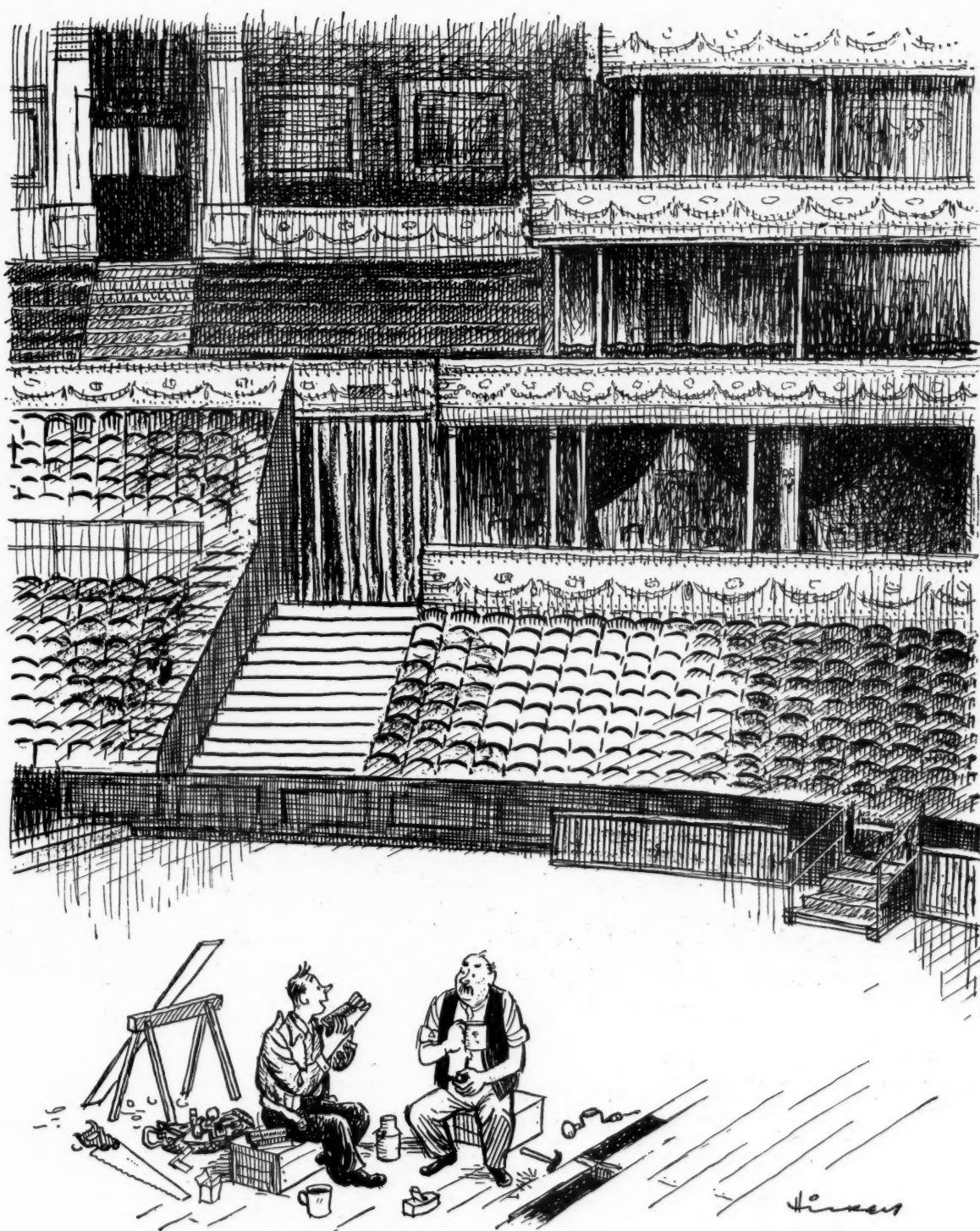
I ground my bat at the bowler's end—and then turn to see what has happened.

Cover is picking the ball off the ground by his feet...

And there is one ball to come. It comes and Cedric hits it for four and the match is over.

But the triumph is mine and well he knows it.





*"Little did I think that one day I'd be playing in the Royal Albert Hall."*

## H.M. Inspectors from Below

"SHUT the window, Miss Lane," said Mrs. Allen, adding water to the battered staff tea-pot, "and let's have ten minutes' peace."  
The roar of infants at play ceased abruptly as the window slammed.

We all sighed and shuffled off our shoes.

"How many inspectors are there with Miss Judd?" asked young Miss Lane nervously.

"Five. Lucky we had enough cups," answered Mrs. Allen easily. Inspectors hold no terrors for her after teaching six-year-olds for forty years.

I felt sorry for Miss Lane, who was making up her Reading Record with a shaking pen.

"You've nothing to worry about," I said, "these five are quite harmless really—particularly Mr. White, who will come and see you first, I expect."

"I don't know so much," said Mrs. Allen. "He's got a nasty trick of opening cupboards. Had a large box of wooden beads fall out on him last time. Serve him right!"

"I suppose you know that Brown's come too," I said, significantly.

There was a gratifying groan from all but little Miss Lane, who looked anxiously from one to the other.

"His hobby-horse is LIGHT," I explained.

"As soon as he comes in," said Miss Roberts, who was knitting furiously, "he will suggest—only SUGGEST, mark you—that all the children are suffering from eye-strain on account of the position of the windows."

"Don't attempt to argue with him," broke in Mrs. Allen, "or try to put the blame on the architect. It's sheer waste of time."

"Let him have his head," went on Miss Roberts, "and just help him to move every desk in the class-room where he fancies it."

"You see," I said, as Miss Lane looked piteously bewildered, "he likes to have the light coming over each child's LEFT shoulder, unless of course it's left-handed, when it must be its RIGHT shoulder."

"UNLESS the board is shining——"

"Which it always is for half the class——"

"THEN he has to shift them all over again! SEE?"

We all paused for breath. Mrs. Allen recovered hers first.

"By the time he's got them all where he wants them——"

"And you've mopped up all the ink and picked up all the squashed crayons——"

"And bound up all the abrasions among the children——"

"He will be quite happy, and as like as not go on to the next class-room without even asking to see your Record Book!"

"Who is the young one with the beard?"

"Mr. Green, or The Class Room Beautiful maniac. He likes lots of large bright pictures. It doesn't really matter if they're quite unsuitable for children as long as they catch the eye. Pure Bright Colour is his passion, and the more the better."

"I can lend you a cut-out paper frieze," I offered. "My class did it last year and he loved it. Just a mass of shapeless bits of paper, you know. It would have been called 'A wicked waste of material' in my young days, but I labelled it 'A Spring Garden,' and put 'Free Expression' underneath in brackets, and it made a terrific hit."

"Put your tadpoles away in a cupboard," warned Miss Roberts. "He's got a THING about Wild Creatures In Captivity, even if they have got plenty of duck-weed."

"I think I saw Mr. Russet there too."

"We ought to warn you about him, Miss Lane, he's thoroughly tiresome."

Miss Roberts leaned forward, jabbing the air earnestly with her knitting needle.

"A perfect menace! He picks up the children and throws them up to the ceiling. He shouts crazy riddles at them——"

"Some in quite doubtful taste, I often think——"

"And encourages them to shriek back the answers. When he has worked the whole class into a state of mass-hysteria he signals to you to carry on."

"Take my advice," I said, "and don't attempt to keep up the pleasant badinage. By the time Russet's finished with them there is nothing for it but a few sharp slaps in the front row, if you want to make yourself heard at all."

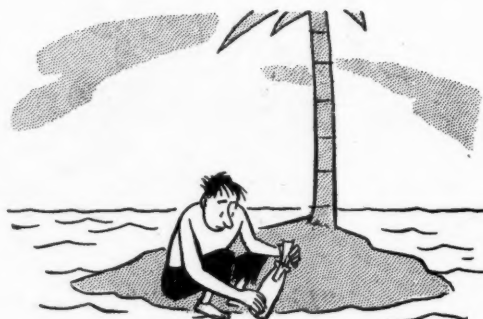
"Has Miss Olive come?"

"Yes, and she really is FEARSOME! She has a nasty way of asking you which method of subtraction you use. Whether you BORROW TEN, or ADJUST THE LOWER FIGURE."

"It isn't enough to know WHICH you do, my dear, but WHY," Miss Roberts wound her wool up and said. "I found it best to be quite frank with her and admitted openly that I found great difficulty in doing subtraction myself in any way at all. She was so sorry for me that she explained it very simply and kindly, and then it was time to change classes."

"There's the whistle," said Mrs. Allen, stacking tea-cups madly. "Take heart, Miss Lane, you'll be all right."

"In any case," I added as we went downstairs to quell the infant mob, "the shortage of teachers is so acute that the chances of losing your job are practically nil."





## Finance

I WANT to tell my readers something about finance, banking, postal orders and that sort of thing; and it may impress them if I begin with an historical note. The dawn of finance in this country is a bit obscure to people who do not actually know about it, but if we go back to the Picts and Celts we are no doubt well behind the starting-line and can move on to those lumpy coins which may be seen to-day by anyone visiting the most obscure museum, provided of course that to-day is a day when it is open. Visiting a shut museum is one of life's most negative experiences. I mention it to remind people how the door looks, but it does not really come into this article. Ancient coins, as I was saying, are lumpy; they are given to corners and bulge over the edges like pastry, but they have a close affinity with money as we know it, being stamped with some kind of picture one side and another the other, and their owners would have felt much as we do when they handed one over or got one handed to them. Antiquarians tend to ignore this aspect of early coins, but it is not their job to imagine an ancient Briton buying bulls'-eyes or remembering that it is Friday; their business is to worry out the inscriptions, which, being difficult and bursting with history, are just their line.

We had better jump a few centuries now and get to Chaucer. Chaucer, as my readers know well, was something like some sort of customs man, and is a notable example of a sort of customs man being literature. This brings us to Shakespeare, who does not fit into this article very well, but has some connection because keen people reading about the financial side of sixteenth-century drama find things like "vj shillings," which is to the present day a wonderful example of olden times being whimsical. Another financial thing about Shakespeare is that he is known to have made money, which proves him to have been Bacon.

Now we come to coffee-houses; that is, we come to the invention of banking and the City and find that coffee-houses are tied up with this side of life to an indefinable but marked degree. The point I want to emphasize here is that people nowadays love thinking of old-world coffee-houses; it has something to do with oak beams and the smell of the coffee, and psychologists say that to this kink in human nature they attribute the architecture of so many modern tea-rooms, though they admit that they have muddled cause and effect. I do not propose to go into early banks, except to suggest that they did not have swing-doors or day-to-day calendars. Readers may wonder why an early bank shouldn't have a calendar, but I put it

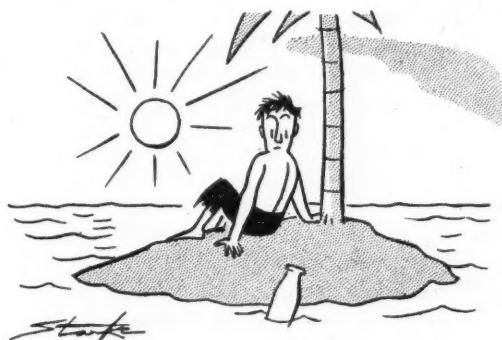
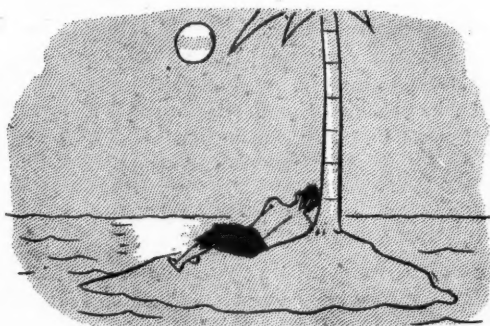
to them that a bank calendar is almost certainly the gradual result of too many people asking one person the date.

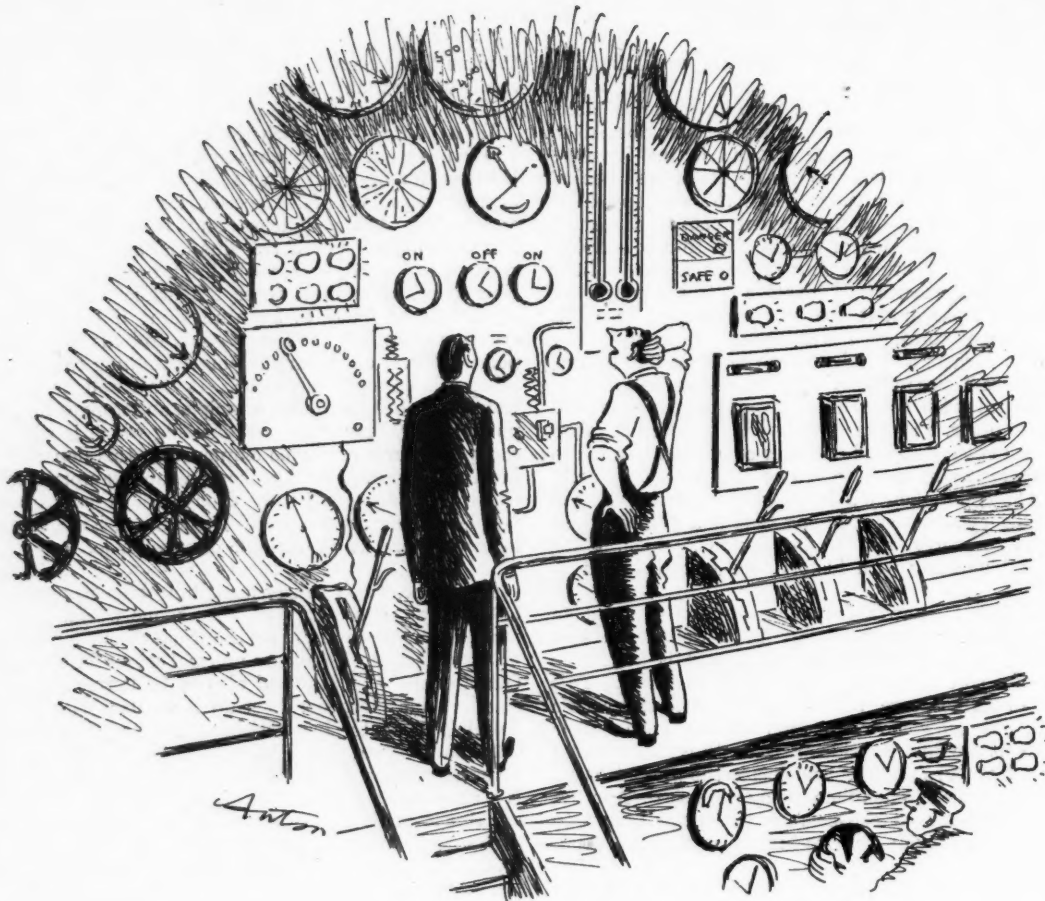
With Dickens, we reach the end of this historical note; and I need not say much about City life in the days of Dickens, for my readers will have a clear enough picture in their own minds of dust, eccentrics on high stools writing copperplate, heavy lunches and benevolent employers. For the modern side of this financial survey I propose to start with a word, necessarily brief, on stocks and shares. Everyone knows what these are, while those who don't would not be likely to learn anything if I went into the question more fully, so I shall go on to bulls and bears and point out that one means buying something cheap and the other selling something dear. It may well be the other way round, but that is the principle, and it gives the general public a fifty-fifty chance of guessing which is which. Of the many kinds of people employed in this department of life I will mention stockbrokers, as an example of a word which has long ceased to be thought of in halves; and the people who correct the proofs of the Stock Exchange prices in newspapers, as an example of exactitude.

I have promised to say something about postal orders, but first we must deal with the cheque world. A cheque is an oblong piece of paper, the usual colour for the banks my readers deal with and an unusual colour for other banks. Other banks' cheques tend also to be longer or bigger or smaller; but the general set-up is similar, with the lower half left clear for handwriting. A cheque is nothing if not handwritten; some cheques may be typed, often in an extraordinary dotted fashion, but to the public a cheque is a chance of seeing how nicely it can write. Philosophers say this is partly an instinctive desire to offset the caginess—the words rammed together, the "only," the lines filling up the blanks—to which cheque-writers are reared. Cheques are made either crossed or uncrossed, and people who cross them by hand find the parallel lines remarkably easy, but sometimes wonder how they know that "& Co." is right. A sub-division of the cheque-crossing world consists of people making out cheques in banks and crossing them by mistake; their murmurs of self-criticism must be a part of life to the people behind the railings.

I have just got room for the postal orders; about which I only want to say that people buying a postal order for six-and-elevenpence can and do fill up the time while the stamp is being stuck on by getting ready the rough material for an unforeseeable sum of money.

ANDE





*"You know, there's something going on here that I don't quite understand."*

## Ballade of Pampered Convalescence

THE face I wear would shame the whitest sheet,  
 My steps are slow, my members all a-quake,  
 And when my meagre phantom walks the street  
 "Behold," men say, "the Progress of a Rake!"  
 But let no heads in mute foreboding shake;  
 The brow has cooled that was so feverish,  
 And now, my nascent appetite to slake,  
 They tell me I can try a little fish.

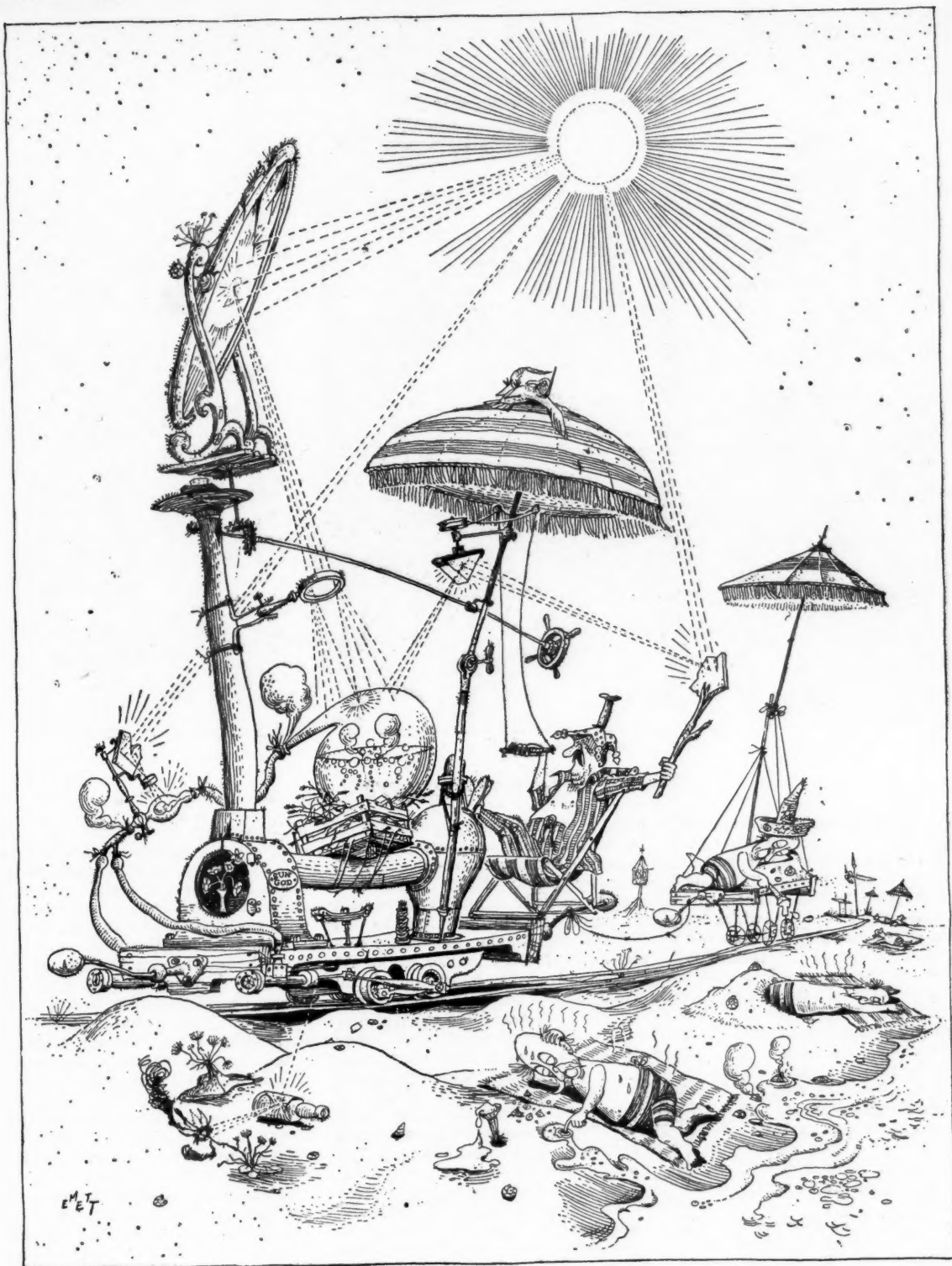
Ah, medicos! With all their self-conceit,  
 How ludicrous the spectacle they make!  
 So learned on diseases of the feet,  
 So powerless to cure the spirit's ache!  
 I bid them set huge pasties on to bake,  
 I call for butter in a lordly dish,  
 I speak with rapture of a nice fat steak;  
 They tell me I can try a little fish.

The world must rue it if I may not eat,  
 And centuries shall weep this dire mistake;  
 I'd write an opera did they give me meat,  
 I'd do five epics if they brought some cake;  
 I might have plied the pencil of a Blake,  
 Or swelled the prophets like the son of  
 Kish;  
 But who could wax prophetic on hake?  
 They tell me I can try a little fish.

### Envoi

Prince, have you seen around the day's dim  
 break  
 Vast tables heaped with all that sense could wish?  
 Nightly I have these visions. When I wake  
 They tell me I can try a little fish.

M. H. LONGSON



ANNALS OF A BRANCH LINE

x—Fuel economy system in operation





## Trafalgar Square

WHEN I asked four Londoners and two provincials what Trafalgar Square meant to them, five replied crisply, "Pigeons," and the sixth, "Lions." There must be people (even in Chelsea, which had, until recently, a Trafalgar Square of its own) who can fire off "Nelson, 1805" as soon as the key-word is spoken. But my personal researches have shown that Nelson is alarmingly ignored. It is time to explain that there are other things at the core of London than the pert and hungry pigeons, those conscious stars that the artist has caught so accurately as they mill about under the lee of a lion.

Agreed, it is hard to escape from the pigeons. In the south-eastern corner of the Square they dive past your right ear; they waddle across your path; they flirt around the littered crumbs; they dart their eyes—rimmed in a

furious orange—and pronounce a hubble-bubble for-what-we-are-about-to-receive that sounds like an amplified song by Danny Kaye. They are grossly spoiled: a man is there with no other task in life than to sell pigeon-food. Leaving the hungry coo-and-flitter, I chose sterner work. At the Strand corner, under the winged gold springbok of South Africa House,



I waited to see just how many people would spare a glance for Nelson on his column as they passed into Nelson's Square.

Viewed from that corner the Square belongs, and most properly, to Nelson, a cherub aloft. You see him best from mid-Strand towards sunset when, his column hidden, he appears over the roof of South Africa House, poised against a luminous sky and staring, a little bleakly, towards Whitehall. (The effect as you come up Whitehall is less good.) At the top

of the Square, from behind the pink and mauve hydrangeas in the National Gallery portico, all you see is an indignant, poker-stiff back, the sword and cocked hat, and a rope which the cribs say is on a capstan.

It is certainly better to view him from the Strand. He vanishes as you get nearer; then, as you turn the corner by South Africa House, there he is again, on his fluted Corinthian shaft (granite from Devon), starlings a-twitter at his feet, tame lions below him, fountains—feathering their spray, if you are lucky—behind him; the assorted statues; the pigeon-scatter, hungry and talkative; and about the great open space those buildings that help to compose the Square in an exile's mind. Reading clock-wise, they are the National Gallery with its pepper-pots; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with its pierced spire and starling-frieze; South Africa House ("Die Publik Word Toegang Verleen Daeliks" says a notice here; it warns one to know this); and, on the west of the

Square—the south is open to the dignity of Whitehall—Canada House and the Royal College of Physicians, back-to-back in a permanent tiff.

Two hundred years ago all of this was covered in a clutter of mean streets.

A century later Nelson was up; but the lions were still in Landseer's studio in St. John's Wood and the war-memorial Square was only a first sketch. Nelson, I repeat, was up. He has been up so long now that he is being forgotten. Let me report sadly that within five minutes in the busy middle of a bright Tuesday afternoon in May, one hundred and fifty-six people passed the corner of South Africa House without giving a glance to the Admiral, solitary in the sunshine.

The half-sunken Square—it is cut out of a slope—was lively enough; but most of the people were there either to feed the pigeons, or because they could not cross the road—encircled by a ballet of scarlet buses—or because they hoped that the mild white smoke of the fountain-jets would grow suddenly into the plumes of the full display. None looked up at Nelson. I did, and got a crick in the neck for my pains. You do not realize how tall the column is until you stand under it and let the eye flicker up the pedestal, past those huge bas-reliefs—on my side, Nelson at St. Vincent—and, beyond, up the shaft to the bronze capital moulded from the guns of the sunken *Royal George*.

I pondered also on Mr. William Larkins, the steeplejack. Mr. Larkins, some years ago, wrote a book, a collectors' piece, in which he showed that he was one of the few men to have seen Nelson face to face. The book induces in me the kind of dizzying vertigo I get on one of the steeper Cornish cliffs—say, above Pigeon Hugo or on Beeny. There is a nice passage in which Mr. Larkins explains that, in repair work, he had to negotiate the cornice near the top of the column. "I had to climb up and over it," he observes, "with my back to the ground, for all the world like a fly on a ceiling." Apparently the cornice is bevelled with a sharp slope outwards; it is covered an inch thick with greasy soot. Mr. Larkins admits handsomely that "to maintain balance on this part of the monument was no easy matter." But the rest was simple. In another

pleasant fly-on-the-ceiling visit—by this time "it was like mounting stairs"—he restored cracks in the muscles between Nelson's shoulder and elbow, erecting a staging around the Admiral's chest to do so.



The Admiral is made of sandstone. He is in three parts and is the height of three men. His sword is nearly eight feet long. His hat is three feet, nine inches across, and its tip, the monument's crest, is nearly two hundred feet in the air. This endeared the place to Mr. Larkins,

never happier than on the coping of a factory chimney or dangling from a weathercock. It was a pity that he could not have been present, back in the eighteen-forties, at a dinner given to fourteen men on the pedestal before the scaffolding was removed.

Down below Nelson his lions, which did not arrive until long after the statue, are "gentle beasts and of a good conscience." One is autographed "Katie." On this bright afternoon they lolled amiably while visitors fed the pigeons or crossed to look at the still-new busts of Jellicoe and Beatty in the parapet at the top of the Square, behind the coffin-shaped flower-troughs. The busts have been there only since last year when the fountains began to play again (and to blossom into colour at night). Many visitors to this northern end of the Square now discover its least-known sight: the imperial measures of length. You can solve a good many problems by taking a bus to the Square and "measuring up" beneath the north wall where standard feet and yards and rods and poles and perches are set permanently in the granite.

This is the Giant Ruler. More competition for the Admiral.

There is competition indeed. Consider the other statues, much nearer eye-level. Mr. Larkins talks about the medals on Nelson's full-dress coat and the pattern of the coat-buttons, but few will shin up the column to see. It is easier to view the Square's lesser statuary, a good mixed lot. Pass through the ranked stone bollards that make it look to the fevered eye as though the National Gallery were moored alongside some odd inland quay, and go down steps to the vast

pocked and pitted hopscotch-patterned area of the Square proper. Here are the fountains, the big greenish basins with their tiled floors, the mermaids and dolphins, and the clear water tempting in summer heat. Around are the statues.

On the South Africa House side is Chantrey's George the Fourth, plumply on horseback, without stirrups. Loud-speaker equipment is looped across the back of General Havelock, nearer to the pigeons: it is a sign that the Square is sometimes a forum. General Napier stands over the way. At the top the National Gallery is guarded by George Washington, posing fiercely for his portrait, and—of all people—James the Second, who affects Roman costume, and who stares diagonally and frostily at three starved, peevish figures niched in the Royal College of Physicians. Finally, away down at Charing Cross, is the masterpiece, Le Sueur's Charles the First, hidden during the war but now brought back to ride "comely and calm . . . hard by his own Whitehall."

It does you good, if you can spare the time, to loiter with Nelson on a May afternoon, islanded among the buses in their snorting scarlet progress. It is an island of flowers against grey stone, sun on cold bronze, thin-sifting spray; an island peopled by loungers on the seats—where at night the luckless huddle under sheets of newspaper—by the pigeons in toss-and-flourish around their crumbs and seed, and by the photographer who hopes to snap you with a bird on each shoulder and one in each hand. Now and then a policeman enters the south-eastern police-box under the lamp that came from the *Victory*. High above all is the victorious Admiral, Nelson himself.

That is Trafalgar Square, the Admiral's Square. Next time you enter it ignore the pigeons and look upwards for a moment. It is lonely up there in the sun, and, after all, the place is his.

J. C. TREWIN





*"I must warn you, Miss Hobson, that your impatience is well nigh ruining the composition."*

## The Day I Had Three Teas

"THIS is matron," said the voice. "Who is that?"

I told her. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she said. "I think nurse is scrubbing babies . . . Put him down on the table, nurse . . . no, face upwards."

"Hello," my popsie said. "Is it you?"

"Yes," I said. "What do you want?" she said. "I'm washing Roger."

The attitude seemed vaguely hostile. "I love you," I said.

"Yes," she said. "Is that all you're going to say?"

"Yes," she said. "Popsie," I said, "get out of this affirmative habit—it's quite unlike you."

"I read that book you lent me," she said brightly.

"Which book?" I shouted.

"You know," she said. "The one by James Hilton."

"Popsie, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter now," she said. "She's gone out. I was trying

to say We Are Not Alone. Anyway, why did you call?"

"You didn't say where we would meet to-night."

"I'm on duty until seven," she said. "You'd better go home. I'll phone mother and tell her to make you some tea. Roger's screaming; I must go now and get the soap out of his eyes."

When I arrived at my popsie's home I was surprised to find it empty. I climbed through a window as usual and drifted into the dining-room. The table was laid for seven. I put the kettle on and devoured some salad. Then I cut some more bread, washed my plates and relaid the table. Noticing two notes on the mantelshef I read them and learned that Alison had paid for the laundry and Jimmy was coming to tea. I had a sudden moment of panic about my social behaviour and fled from the house. On my return, half an hour later, I encountered Jean on the doorstep.

"Hello," she said. "We didn't expect you to-day. Joyce will be late."

"She asked me to wait," I said. "Have you had tea?"

"I should love a drink," I said cautiously.

Jean made another salad and we had tea together. When my popsie's mother came in Jean questioned her. "Mother, you left the kettle on," she said. "I got here just in time."

"I didn't, you know," said my popsie's mother. "I've been out since twelve."

"Well you must have done," said Jean. "Nobody else was here."

"Oh, dear!" I said. "What's the matter, Jimmy? Have you hurt your foot?" said my popsie's mother, for I was under the table pretending to search for crumbs.

"Yes," I said, "a dog bit me this morning."

"How awful!" said Jean. "I hate Alsations."

"It was a very small dog," I said. "They shouldn't allow fierce dogs about," said my popsie's mother.

At this point I was saved by the entry of Alison, Barbara and Colin. When they were deeply involved in tomatoes and slugs I decided to move. "I'd better go and meet Joyce," I said. "It must be nearing seven."

Outside the nursery I paced up and down waiting for my popsie. A man came up to me. I groaned, for he was the office bore. He ignored all trappings and got straight down to business.

"Do you know what I did to-day?" he said. "I got four blacks and two pinks."

"Human beings?" I queried. He ignored it.

"I must be the best there now," he said. "Admittedly I gave fifty-six away during the game—that was really why I lost—but no one else got so many blacks and pinks. I noticed they kept pretty quiet about that; kept asking me, Well, did you win?"

"Have you got the time?" I said. "The time?" he said. "It took about forty minutes. I don't let them fluster me."

"I must go and meet my fiancée," I said.

"I'll come with you," he said. "The nursery is closed," I announced after I had pounded the door. "I tell you what," he said. "I've got a spare half hour. How would you like a game now? I'll give you twenty-eight start."

"I've got to meet my fiancée," I said. "All right," he said, "fifty-six start."

"I've got to meet my popsie," I shouted.

"I'm not deaf," he said. "I could have told you the place was closed before we started. No use hanging about here."



"I'll go back and find her," I said.  
"If you don't want a game that's all right," he said, "but not everyone would refuse *free* instruction from an expert."

I left him. When I got back to my popsie's home they all chorused: "You've just missed her. She's gone out to look for you."

Ten minutes' searching outside failed to produce my popsie and I was turning back to base when he turned up again.

"I thought you'd gone home," he said.

"I can't find her," I said.

"A case of not looking, I should think," he said. "I can't see why you're frightened of a game with no money on it and fifty-six start."

"I'm still looking for my fiancée," I said furiously.

"A likely story," he said, "looking for her in two places a mile apart."

I left him before I should explode. At home the chorus was almost the

same: "She came back, but went out again to look for you."

I went out again. He was still floating about.

"This will make a good story at the office," he said. "Nobody has been afraid of my challenge before."

"I will play now," I said, "and I will give you the beating of your career."

It was then that I saw my popsie. A fat woman was talking to her at a bus stop.

"There's my popsie," I said.

He was bitterly disappointed.

"She hasn't seen you," he said. "Come on quickly before she does or we shall never get a game."

"I can't do that," I said. "I'm not married to her yet."

He tramped away, muttering about women's emancipation.

"Hello," I said.

My popsie turned and winked. The fat woman gave a curt nod and went on: "And another thing, nurse, while

you're here. Every time his father comes home he screams and screams—well, I put him to bed straightaway. I wonder why it is."

"I don't know," said my popsie, "but then I've never met your husband. Here's your bus. Whew!" she said to me, "my feet hurt. What happened to you?"

I told her.

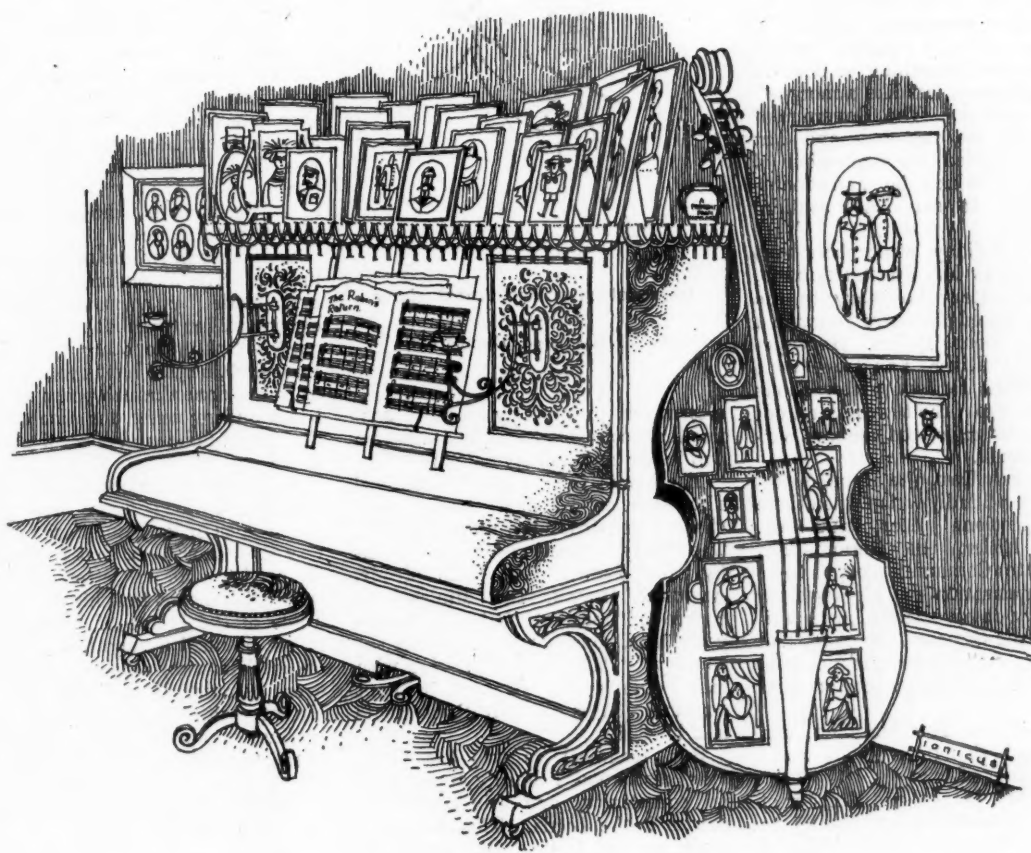
"I make a perfectly simple arrangement," she sighed, "and just because I'm early, what happens? All this rushing about and I've had nothing to eat. Let's go home."

"You didn't eat a very big tea," my popsie's mother said to me when we were home, "so I've cooked you a chop too."

"Oh, no thanks," I said. "I had a *very* good tea."

"Don't be so ungrateful after she's taken so much trouble," said my popsie.

"I was only being polite," I said. "I'm really very hungry."



**MONDAY, May 30th.**—

The House of Commons wore that somewhat dejected and bedraggled appearance that precedes a recess, and although Mr. HERBERT MORRISON said (rather wistfully) that "some of us" would not be having a holiday in the recess, it was clear that others of his colleagues intended to be luckier. Mr. MORRISON's reference, of course, was to the Labour Party Conference to be held at Blackpool over Whitsun, at which (according to all reports) brotherly love and Party spirit were to be at a premium.

Politics reared its ugly head early in the sitting, when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (the Minister of Transport having said something about road safety plans) asked whether the Government would not advise all to keep "well to the Left" in the next twelve or thirteen months. This suggestion was received without enthusiasm by the Party Leaders, who do not consider that a particularly good way to woo the middle-class vote.

Mr. BESWICK, sitting frostily aloof as became one of the five Parliamentary Private Secretaries "sacked" in the recent Party purge, acidly demanded that something be done to make the House "less like a morgue" in the mornings. The Government would make no promises and Mr. BESWICK resumed his expression of pained grief—which he had doubtless acquired to suit his matutinal environment.

So little holiday atmosphere was noticeable that Mr. JOHN DUGDALE, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, asked for leave to make a statement—about H.M.S. *Amethyst*, held in the River Yangtse—"next week." When fortissimo corrections reached him from the benches around, Mr. DUGDALE registered amused surprise at himself.

Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, registered indignation when there were suggestions, later, that Mr. Gerhardt Eisler, the German-born United States Communist, ought to be given compensation for his arrest in this country on an extradition requisition from the States. The court had found that the charge was not sustained and had discharged the arrested man.

This, said Mr. TOM DRIBERG, was a lesson to both halves of the world about the rule of law.

Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, introduced a poetic touch into a statement he made on the strike of train crews who objected to spending

## Impressions of Parliament

**Monday, May 30th.**—House of Lords: Irish Tangle  
House of Commons: Housing

**Tuesday, May 31st.**—House of Lords: Enter the New Cler.  
Parliamentor  
House of Commons: Nothing Much

occasional nights away from home when their duties demanded.

He said railwaymen were used to the meaning of a red light and told them that unofficial strikes should be a red light warning all of the perils of weakening the hard-won right of collective bargaining. There was also the loss of public sympathy to be considered.

Mr. CHETWYND made the quaint suggestion that the strikers might suspend their strike over the Whitsun holiday (so as not to inconvenience holidaymakers) and then resume it



Impressions of Parliamentarians

86. Mr. Kirkwood (Dumbarton)

afterwards (presumably so as to confine the inconvenience to business-men and other non-holidaymakers).

There was then a highly-technical discussion on housing—repairs, purchase, reconstructions, and so on. It was chiefly interesting for a statement by Miss JENNIE LEE (wife of Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister in charge of housing) that "in twenty years' time, housing will not bother the country." This piece of praising with faint damns Mr. B. took without emotion. After all, four Parliaments is a long time.

But, technical as was the Commons discussion, it hardly approached in complexity and obscurity the debate in the Lords. This was, once more, on the Ireland Bill, and Lord SIMON was seeking to sort out the

position of people born in the south of Ireland. He did it, as usual, with great learning and with great skill, but the points he made were so abstruse that even the Lord Chancellor, Lord JOWITT, pushed back his

long wig and scratched his head in bewilderment. Their non-legal Lordships just sat, mouths open, and listened as the argument raged. Then it was the Lord Chancellor's turn and he produced a proposal of his own. Lord SIMON looked puzzled. He argued. Then everybody looked puzzled. Lord SALISBURY, Leader of the Opposition, said half-proudly, half-regretfully, that the issue had been clear "for about two minutes," but that—like some elusive tune—it had gone again.

Everybody cheered up when another adjournment was suggested and brightened still more when it was agreed to. It was clearly the right thing to do.

**TUESDAY, May 31st.**—Two Parliamentary figures celebrated their "birthdays" to-day, and another said his farewell to the Palace of Westminster. The two were Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, celebrating her twentieth year as a Member of the Commons (absurd as that may seem to all who know her), and Big Ben, who was ninety years young. The parting guest was Sir HENRY BADELEY, Clerk of the Parliaments, who announced his intention to retire.

Lady MEGAN (whose maiden speech, in your scribe's opinion, was the best ever made by a woman Member) celebrated her "birthday" with a tea-party—"with the other girls." Big Ben—well, he just kept booming along as he has done through peace and war, bomb and rejoicing, for nine decades, the world-famous Voice of London Town.

Sir HENRY BADELEY, whose modest, wigged-and-robed figure has guided generations of Parliamentarians in the way they should go, sent to the Lord Chancellor a formal letter of resignation which meant that his chair at the Table of the House of Lords will in future be filled by another. Members of both Houses, officials, journalists, even "strangers," will be sorry Sir HENRY, with his friendly (if rarely smiling) approach and bottomless pit of information and guidance, has gone. But they are glad to welcome Mr. ROBERT L. OVERBURY (in war, *Private Overbury*, Home Guard), as "*Cler. Parliamentor*," Mr. FRANCIS LASCELLES as Clerk Assistant, and Mr. VICTOR



*"I suppose you don't know of anyone whose front half is a horse?"*

GOODMAN (who was second-in-command of Parliament's Home Guard in the crises of the war) as Reading Clerk.

It was quite a ceremony, the farewell to the old and the welcome to the new. There was a formal resolution saying the House "thought it right" to thank "the same" Sir HENRY for his long and faithful service. There were witty speeches from Peers of all Parties expressing their personal indebtedness to "JACK" BADELEY. Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, made the sensational revelation that the retiring Clerk and he had had a secret signalling system (which he thought qualified them for future posts as tic-tac men) which had helped to keep the decisions of the Woolsack within due bounds and the Rules.

The "Contents" having "had" the vote of thanks with a loud shout of approval, it was announced that Mr. OVERBURY had been appointed, and he went to the Table and read out an oath to "keep his troth" to "his Highness the King," and that he would "nothing know to the prejudice" of the KING or Parliament.

Then, to loud cheers, he took his

seat at the Table. Mr. LASCELLES, on appointment, moved up one seat, and Mr. GOODMAN, in a wig and gown of dazzling newness and the smartest "Court bow" seen in the House for years, was also announced and took his seat. It was all very historic and formal, and meaningful—and yet all delightfully domestic and friendly.

After that, their Lordships argued considerably about Ireland once more, and the Ireland Bill, with an agreed amendment on the problems raised by Lord SIMON, was passed.

The Commons were hearing a statement (which, in the nature of things, could not convey much information) about the strike of North-Eastern railwaymen, which had been extended that morning by a "go-slow" strike by other railwaymen. Mr. ISAACS was cheered as he expressed the hope that everything would be all right in the end.

The day's business was divided between the discussion of superannuation and free legal aid. Members took all this with courage, knowing that the Whitsun recess fast approached. But, truth to tell, it was not a very exciting day.

## Isotope

*("Any one of a number of atomic species differing in atomic weight, but having the same number of nuclear electrical charges.")*

IF Fortune on me chance to smile,  
I cherish one ambition—  
To build my own Atomic Pile  
And practise Nuclear Fission.  
My dream would then come true,  
I hope:  
To wit, to have an Isotope.

The splitting of the molecule  
I positively dote on,  
And like a boy just out of school  
Chase each revolving Proton:  
Until, with my electroscope,  
I isolate an Isotope.

So get me some Uranium;  
Let nothing be retarded;  
While dynamos rotate and hum  
Let Neutrons be bombarded;  
And in the Gamma rays, I'll grope  
Till I have found an Isotope.



## Extracts from the New Oxford Guide

### On Changing the Syllabus

THIS is an aspect of Oxford life which the tourist should try not to miss, though as it is a periodic fever, similar to but without the seasonal regularity of spring cleaning, he may not be able to time his visit so as to coincide with an attack of it. Should he be so unfortunate, a study of the present chapter will do much to fill the gap.

When the attack sets in the Faculty concerned will be found to divide itself at once into four parties:

The Young Idealists.

The Die-Hards.

The Enlightened Liberals.

A small minority of the Men who Couldn't Care Less.

Good specimens of all these parties can be seen any day walking along the High or crossing the Radcliffe Square, and a study of the following notes should enable the tourist to identify them at a glance.

The Young Idealists may be recognized by the brightly coloured scarves which they wore as undergraduates, and still wear. A certain ruffled aspect

of the hair will also be observed in them. They always wish to introduce into the syllabus for special study a book which has appeared within recent years, probably in the very year in which the debate takes place. This shows how little they know about it.

The Die-Hards are some few years older. They have abandoned their scarves, and even sometimes look businesslike in dark suits. They hurry along with a worried yet purposeful air and are the men who have to cope when undergraduates throw bedroom crockery out of windows at midnight or misapply red paint. They, as their name implies, wish to retain the *status quo*. They have their reasons.

The Enlightened Liberals are older men, with slower walks, and much more untidy clothing. They have handed over some distasteful jobs to the Die-Hards, but they have not entirely shaken off the cares of office. They are in favour of change; enlightened change to the book that used to be prescribed before.

The Men who Couldn't Care Less are very, very old.

The tourist, however thorough a student of human nature, will never get these parties straight without the assistance of the New Oxford Guide. Yet it is all so simple.

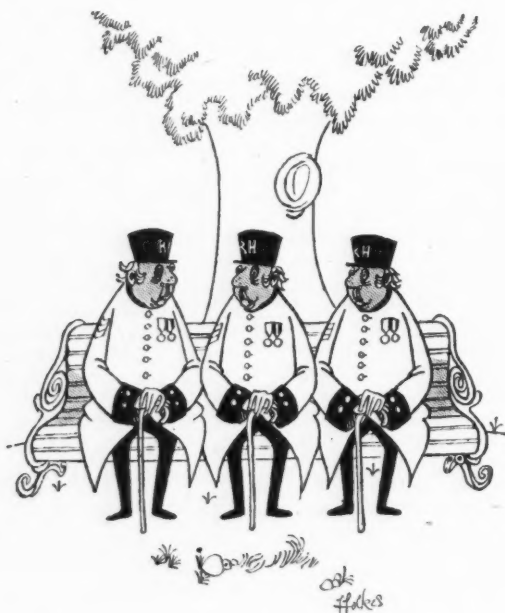
The Young Idealists, though they are aware that they can lecture brilliantly on any subject and are about to become the most outstanding lecturers of the year, have not yet written the lectures.

The Die-Hards, who have been in the place long enough to have been forced to teach the set book, have a set of lectures on it and, uncertain of their ability to survive change, propose to cling to it.

The Enlightened Liberals have lived long enough to have experienced change, and have survived it: they have two sets of lectures, one on the present set book and one on the book before. They are therefore liberal enough to believe that enlightened change has no terrors for them.

The Men who Couldn't Care Less are, as we have said, very, very old. They have been so long in Oxford that innumerable changes have passed over their heads, and behind them lie innumerable sets of lectures. They know that, owing to the influence of the Enlightened Liberals, a powerful party, no change will carry them back beyond the set book before the present one; never will the revolving years bring back whichever set of lectures they regard as their favourite child and secretly long to repeat. They are, it has been said, a small minority. This is because nine out of ten of them—and they rarely number as many as ten—have lost most of their earlier lecture notes. This brings them automatically into the party of the Enlightened Liberals or of the Die-Hards, depending on the extent of their loss. In practice, therefore, They Do Not Count.

The tourist may ask what happens. The N.O.G. has no difficulty in answering him. What happens is that a book which no one had ever thought of is suddenly found by the indignant members of all parties to have made its way into the syllabus. The reason for this result, which the tourist may at first find surprising, is that, though the parties are active when they meet in Common Rooms or on ordinary social occasions, they rarely remember to attend the meetings at which the fate of the syllabus is decided. If they do they often fall asleep, so worn out are they by their previous activity. This is the opportunity of a non-party man with a theory, and statistics show that he never fails to take it.



"The trouble with the modern army is that all the soldiers look alike."

## At the Play

*The Male Animal* (ARTS)—Ann Veronica (PICCADILLY)

THE author of "The Night the Bed Fell on Father" was hardly likely to let a play stand still, but even his most ardent fans may not have been quite prepared for the din which

which persuades him that he shares the prevailing lunacy.

The incidents in this stupendous mess are chosen with inspiration, and out of it all there comes a beautiful



[The Male Animal]

### Un-American Activities

Joe Ferguson—MR. HUGH McDERMOTT; Professor Tommy Turner—MR. ARTHUR HILL; Ellen Turner—MISS BARBARA KELLY; Michael Barnes—MR. GUY KINGSLEY POYNTER

rethurburates round the Arts Theatre during a performance of *The Male Animal*. This shrewdly idiotic comedy, in which Mr. THURBER shares his pen with Mr. ELLIOTT NUGENT, is an uncommonly successful blend of the boisterous with the tenderly ironic. It crackles with good lines, and its fertile nonsense and the smart pace at which it moves do not obscure a deeper, more compassionate approach to the failings of humanity in general.

The scene is a university in the Middle West, ravaged by an anti-Red crusade and mainly existing, it seems, for football. No place, anyway, for Tommy Turner, a weedy professor who cares for neither, but is overwhelmed by both of them at once. His innocent intention of improving his students' English by reading them Vanzetti's last letter brings down the fatuous wrath of the Trustees on the very day of the Big Game, when even the Turner house is full of muscular young men planning to annihilate the enemy. One of these turns out to be an early flame of Tommy's wife, and so finds himself, Tommy's marriage becoming involved in the shambles, cast for the rôle of reluctant co-respondent. To the intolerable burdens placed on the sweet nature of this engaging hearty over the next few days is added the mystery of an evaporating coffee cup

understanding of the plight of a visionary battling hopelessly with unthinking common sense. Mr. ROY RICH's production is marked by the happiest timing and is excellent except that the shouting, which is admittedly part of the game, is overdone. The acting is of a kind to light up brightly the play's sharp contrasts of character. Mr. ARTHUR HILL's Tommy is masterly and so is Mr. HUGH McDERMOTT's kindly footballer, while Miss BARBARA KELLY, Mr. NEWTON BLICK, Mr. JON FARRELL and several others contribute generously. As soon as *The Male Animal* moves to a public stage, which I am sure it soon will, it may rely on appearing in our recommended list. And thurber than that we cannot go.

I had better confess I have not read *Ann Veronica*, and that therefore my feeling that Mr. RONALD GOW in his new play of this name has captured a good deal of what I take to be the flavour of H. G. Wells's novel is no more than a guess. Certainly the rebellion of an Edwardian girl of spirit against whaleboned conservatism comes through strongly, and in Miss WENDY HILLER has been found a very effective exponent of her frustration and of its final appeasement in marriage. Miss HILLER, who has everything needed for *Ann*, keeps us staunchly on her side.

As a play, however, this is too ramblingly episodic altogether. It tries to show us too many of the curiosities of life in 1909, and it does so in the manner of a film, not without ingenuity on the part of the producer, Mr. PETER ASHMORE, but also not without lowering the tension to danger level. A revolving stage is always a dangerous toy, to be used with discretion, and though there is much to be said for the good old method of changing scenery in view of the audience, absurdity creeps in with the mechanical. *Ann's* papa, for instance, solemnly at work in his study as it bowls towards us, is so much a creature of a merry-go-round that only a calliope seems wanting—and some of the covering music is a bit fair-like.

I thought the acting patchy. Mr. ROBERT HARRIS is perfectly cast as the grave, high-principled scientist whom *Ann* eventually marries, Miss CHRISTINE SILVER gives a touching sketch of a courageous old spinster, and whether dressed as a lettuce or not Miss ALEXIS FRANCE buzzes deliciously as a feminist; but for Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD to burlesque *Manning*, the golden-hearted ninny, as something out of Wilde sorely strains sincerity.

ERIC KEOWN

### Recommended

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—Globe—Witty comedy by a poet.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—Phoenix—Late Restoration brilliance.

THE FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN—Duchess—Sybil Thorndike effervescing notably.

TRAVELLER'S JOY—Criterion—Yvonne Arnaud penniless abroad.

BELINDA FAIR—Saville—Marlborough's licentious soldiery in British musical.

\*SHOOTING STAR—Playhouse—Neat comedy of professional football.

(\*Suitable for young people)



[Ann Veronica]

### Emancipation

*Ann Veronica* Stanley—MISS WENDY HILLER

## Devaluation

THERE is nothing quite like a chat with one's bank manager for restoring one's faith in the implacability of bank managers.

The cashier opened a drawer and bent low into it to consult some document. Since he had my cheque in his hand I could only suppose that he was comparing my scribbled order to "Pay Self . . . £5 (five pounds)," with my old specimen signature. Still, he is a new man, this cashier—certainly post-war.

When I spoke he looked up rather anxiously. I saw at once that his suspicions had been aroused, that he thought my interruption a last-minute attempt to divert his attention from the examination of the cheque. His brows furrowed deeply as he replied.

"Just one second, sir," he said.

He shut the drawer and turned to me again.

"Well, sir, I'm not quite sure whether the manager's available just now. If you'd care to tell me the nature of your business with him, I'll find out."

"It's an academic matter of supreme importance," I said.

The cashier counted out two old pound notes and pushed them under the grille. I counted them too.

"Will you initial the alterations, please," he said. "I'm afraid two's the limit." He grinned.

A few minutes later I was ushered into a small cubicle furnished with a leather-topped table and two stained Windsor chairs. As the manager entered from the other door I extended my hand.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I'm terribly busy this morning, so I'd be grateful if you'd cut . . ."

"Don't worry," I said. "I just happened to be paying a few large cheques into my account and I thought you might be able to help me with a bit of advice."

The bank manager sat down and waved me to the chair on the opposite side of the narrow table.

"As I was saying," I said, "I've just been paying a number of large cheques into my 'A' account and . . ."

"I'm terribly, terribly busy," he snapped.

said. "I should say, off-hand, that devaluation is the act of reducing the official exchange rate of a national currency."

"Yes, yes," I said, tearing carefully round a blue-black stain on the blotter. "And what does *that* mean?"

"It means that sterling would be cheaper to the foreigner. He'd have to pay fewer dollars, say, for British goods; whereas we should have to pay more pounds for our imports."

"Oh!" I said.

"It would mean that we should be able to export more and import less. There'd be hard times at home, naturally, but our financial position would gradually improve."

"How would it affect the banks?" I said, rolling the blue-black paper into a pellet.

The manager's lips tightened.

"How do you mean—the banks?" he said.

"I mean wouldn't this enforced austerity and high rate of exports mean an influx of gold?"

"Not an influx exactly," he said. "There might—yes, there might eventually be a trickle."

"And wouldn't this trickle find its way inevitably to the banks?"

"It might; it might," he said, stretching the skin taut over his cheekbones.

"And wouldn't this additional reserve—stop me at once if I am mistaken—form the basis of an extra issue of credit, so that . . ."

The manager stood up and opened the door.

"It might, sir," he said, "but only in the most exceptional cases. And now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

I excused him.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## June Waking

THE cuckoo tells his own cool-hearted peace,

The pleasantness of newly-risen sun,  
His occupation in the lonely trees,

How well, how well his morning has begun.  
F. C. C.

## THE FESTIVALS

The following note of some of the more important of the Festivals of music, drama and art arranged for this summer may be of interest to readers:

### June 10th—19th. Festival of Music and the Arts, Aldeburgh, Suffolk

The English Opera Group presents *The Rape of Lucretia*, *Albert Herring*, and Benjamin Britten's new entertainment for children, *Let's Make an Opera!* The Cambridge University Madrigal Society. Festival Dance. Exhibitions of Gainsborough's drawings, Suffolk China and Ship Models.

### June 25th—July 2nd. Canterbury Festival of Music and Drama

### June 27th—July 10th. Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music

Hallé Orchestra, English Opera Group. Festival Ball. Critics' Forum.

### July 30th—August 14th. Cambridge Summer Festival of Music and Drama

Madrigals. Sacred music in King's College Chapel. Purcell's *King Arthur*. The Marlowe Society in *Twelfth Night*. Song recital by Elisabeth Schumann.

### August 1st—6th. Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod, Dolgelley

### August 8th—September 3rd. Malvern Drama Festival

First production in this country of Shaw's *Buoyant Billions*. Also *The Apple Cart*, and three new plays by other authors.

### August 21st—September 11th. Edinburgh Festival

Berlin Philharmonic, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Orchestre du Conservatoire (Paris), Pro Musica Antiqua (Brussels). Glyndebourne Opera. Les Ballets des Champs Elysées. Drama—*The Cocktail Party*, by T. S. Eliot, and *Coast of Illyria*, by Dorothy Parker and Ross Evans; The Düsseldorf Theatre presents Goethe's *Faust*.

### September 4th—9th. Three Choirs' Festival, Hereford

"Well, I wondered if you—as a financial wizard and so on—could give me the low-down on this devaluation scare."

"Devaluation?"

"Yes, it's been in the papers quite a lot, lately. I'm just curious."

He seemed relieved, and the brutally hard lines of his lean jaws softened a little as my careful compliment struck home.

"It's not at all easy to explain," he



## Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Sir Osbert Sitwell Continues

WHEN the First War ended, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, as he then was, having survived the perils of a military hospital where "even the corpses were called at four in the morning," went to recuperate at Biarritz, and there, on learning that he had at last been demobilized, he packed his uniform, his Guards hat and his great-coat into a hamper and launched them on the Gulf of Gascony. It was a characteristic gesture, and by a man who had earned in the trenches the right to make it, but it was also the kind of thing which brought on the Sitwells the highly critical publicity they were so much to resent in the years that immediately followed.

*Laughter in the Next Room*, the fourth instalment of Sir Osbert's five-volume autobiography, *Left Hand, Right Hand!* concludes his personal narrative, his plan being to devote the final volume to studies of certain people as he has seen them. It begins with the First War and takes the reader as far as the Second, but most of it is concerned with the 'twenties, during which the author established himself as a writer and was active in society, in politics and in the encouragement of other young men of promise.

As the reflection of the end of a period, when some of the grace of Edwardian England still remained, and the arts blazed up again after their lean years, it is a book of rare quality, bearing the imprint of a large, perceptive mind, and likely, with the rest of the work, to be regarded as a classic of our time. Sir Osbert's control of English is superb. The strength of his writing, the delicacy of its adjustments and its power of evocation are remarkable, and often magnificent. At the same time his style occasionally irritates by too self-conscious a perfection. He is our greatest living practitioner of the long, involved sentence that distributes its load with beautiful flexibility over the best part of a page, but although their strains and stresses are as nicely calculated as those of the Forth Bridge, such triumphs of verbal engineering can be rather overwhelming. At times, too, he becomes a little pontifical, especially in the discussion of politics. (He contested Scarborough unsuccessfully as a Liberal, and played a part curious for a poet in unofficial negotiations at Wimborne House to end the General Strike.) Here he is apt to incline to the attractively simple doctrine that public men are fools, while his personal hatred of herd-movements leads him, an individualist by birth and upbringing, to wholesale condemnation of the latest phases of democracy.

Nevertheless this is an immensely interesting and entertaining book, a wonderful record of the pains and pleasures of a singular artist, and rich in memorable descriptions of men and scenes. Sir Osbert's father dominates it, as he did his children, in whose lives he constantly played the demon king of pantomime, thwarting them at every turn. To this gifted and tireless eccentric the details of the Black Death, his favourite hobby-horse, were far more real than anything going on around him. "Edith," he once remarked, "made a great mistake by not going in for lawn tennis," and when he proposed to give a party solely for painters his son was startled to note that every guest on the list was dead. During the First War he wrote to his son Sacheverell's housemaster at Eton announcing that in future he would pay the fees in pigs and potatoes, which he was then feverishly producing by the most enlightened methods of mediaeval husbandry.

Frequently he cut off his sons' allowances, yet he poured out large sums on fantastic alterations to the family house

in Derbyshire and to his huge Italian castle. On one occasion, after six plasterers had been working on a room for a fortnight, he asked the author if he noticed any change, and on receiving the reply "No, none," he said delightedly "Good, that's just what I've been aiming at." At Renishaw he kept seven studies, with desks to permit of his writing while lying down, and once he approached Gordon Selfridge personally with a synthetic egg which he believed would do much to transform the unsatisfactory lives of explorers. When guests were staying it was his habit to appear, dinner being over, in full evening-dress, and then to make the following pronouncement: "I must ask anyone entering the house never to contradict me or differ from me in any way, as it interferes with the functioning of the gastric juices and prevents my sleeping at night." Such a parent was more amusing to others than to his own children, and it was not surprising that his sons, to get peace for their work, were obliged to invent a steam yacht in which, with the help of notepaper headed "S. Y. Rover," they could pretend to be cruising round Europe.

Sir Osbert's minor portraits—for instance, those of the north-country charwoman whose strange ambition to display her music-hall imitations before Mr. Asquith he contrived to gratify, and of the extraordinary butler, Henry Moat, who drifted in and out of the Sitwells' service and used, after reading *Moby Dick*, to refer to his master as the Great White Whale—are equally good, and show an affectionate appreciation of the oddities of character. Indeed, the whole book has a humanity unusual in so witty and sharply discerning a mind.

ERIC KEOWN



Hollowood

"We must apologize for a break in the weather."



"I suppose you can't remember what the consistency of thick cream WAS?"

### Historian's Progress

Dr. Trevelyan's *An Autobiography and Other Essays* is an enjoyable miscellany of personal recollection and historical comment. His fifty-page account of his life as an historian is perfectly done but distressingly short; it whets the appetite for a full-length autobiography. Dr. Trevelyan is a modest man who knows exactly what he can and cannot do. He is not a technical scholar, though his "Reign of Queen Anne" is based on a good deal of solid research, nor is he an original thinker; he rarely reveals a new pattern in the past. Some of the casual generalizations in these Essays, especially in his Romanes Lecture on "The Two-Party System in English Political History," show how much we have lost by this deliberate sacrifice of depth to width of learning. He is primarily a writer on history, who makes the past vivid and interesting by admirable narrative and skilful selection of picturesque detail. At a time when the fashion in history was becoming frigidly scientific, he fought, in the tradition of Macaulay and Carlyle, to keep history a province of humane letters, and for a generation the Common Reader has benefited from his propaganda and example.

R. G. G. P.

### "All Roads Lead to . . ."

The story of the growth of communications, and of the interchange, not only of material trade, but of thought and ideas consequent upon it, may in a sense be justly claimed to be the story of the development of civilization. Miss Madge Jenison, who calls her book on the subject simply *Roads*, starts out upon her ambitious task with an immense gusto and a wealth of curious and out-of-the-way information which make her pages colourful and suggestive reading. Her account of the camel routes of the East is particularly vivid in its detail, and there is the authentic ring in her description of a Babylonian merchant's journey across the Arabian Desert and by the passes of the Himalayas to Serica, the land of silk. Miss Jenison's roads lead to their proverbial destination. But—rather disappointingly—they stop there, after a digression into Roman history which appears to have very little connection with her main subject. Of the roads of the Middle Ages, surely the most exciting and significant period in the story of the world's highways, she has nothing to say; nothing of the scholars, minstrels and preachers who travelled upon them and did so much to stimulate the thought and art of the Renaissance, and of the great fairs which bulked so large in the life of the period. Nor has she anything to tell of the great

roadmakers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, whose achievements, of which the Burma Road is one example that comes readily to mind, are as full of the true stuff of romance as those of any of their predecessors. C. F. S.

### "Lost on the Path of the Chameleon"

The life of *W. B. Yeats*, retold with scholarly solicitude and a wealth of intimate detail by Professor A. Norman Jeffares, closes with the contention that Yeats made himself a great poet. It is, however, the endless scrapping, re-fusing and recasting of metal less aureate than a somewhat similar vein of Shelley's, whose wastage most impresses one here. Yeats himself saw the aristocrat, the poet and the peasant as a cultural trinity; and indeed Ireland got precisely what she lacked—and what poets with a place in society exist to supply—inspiration from Yeats and mockery from Synge. In Yeats the strains within and without seldom seem to have functioned architecturally. His philandering with the occult bedevilled his life and his work; and although he foretold that "if the present intellectual movement failed," Ireland would become "a little greasy huxtering nation groping for half-pence in a greasy till by the light of a holy candle," he lavished himself on esoteric experiments. Ironically, but justly, it was through the provincial Yeats that the Irish Literary Theatre acquired its world-wide prestige; and infelicitous redrafts of his early verse prove that neither Yeats nor his professional critics saw where his true bent lay.

H. P. E.

### The Arts Organized

Fortunately the study by Professor B. Ifor Evans and Miss Mary Glasgow of recent developments in *The Arts in England* has a theme sufficiently absorbing to offset lapses into Stationery Office style, though (like all cultural reports) it is a book to slip into the brief-case rather than the holiday bag. The transfer of the patronage of the arts from enlightened individuals to the State has been largely brought about by crippling taxation; and the Arts Council, with State resources, has now to provide what previously has been supplied by such patrons of taste and wealth as Courtauld, Christie and Barry Jackson. The authors describe the work of C.E.M.A., formed early in the war, with its touring companies and concert parties adapting themselves to novel conditions and resolved to give "the Best for the Most," and its establishment a few years ago as the Arts Council of Great Britain. The value of this body's support of activities in opera, drama, ballet, music and the visual arts throughout the country is now well known; and a modest account of its achievements is given here. Private enterprise of course happily continues unaided in these spheres, and there is a generous word for various societies and private galleries. Here, then, is the first survey of an important experiment, lucid if not very gripping in exposition, which deserves to be read by a wider public than the interested parties.

N. A. D. W.

### Smoky Fury

*World Without Visa* is not holiday reading. Jean Malaquais has staged a detonation in hell—France under Nazi occupation—and only isolated shreds of cross-swirling human histories can be distinguished in the turbulence he has produced of atomized incident and emotion. These fractions of life and death, love, hate, beauty, courage and mere dirt are all alike violently coloured, pungent and

ceaselessly in movement, and while every kind of nationality, tongue and ideology, in concentration camp or money racket or escape queue or police squad, is here represented, they have nothing in common except their abrupt removal from the ways of peaceful existence. Such a potter of realism, brilliantly translated sometimes into a stately historic diction but more often into snappy Coney Island, defeats any purpose other than impression through sheer superabundance of excitement in misery. A round-up of Jews in Marseilles, with its attendant wretched commotion, is detailed as a concrete example of the manners of the period, but this is only one of innumerable complexities, for at every page one is presented with a fresh cast and a new adventure, nor does the end of the recital suggest any termination to the violence of eruption.

C. C. P.

### Irish Tragedy

"There have been so many nights of darkness and despair lately, even in the middle of the day! But we can still turn them to good; it isn't too late." Those are the key-words of *Redemption* and the explanation of its title. To Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who read the book before its publication, it gave the same thrill as he had once got from Dostoevsky; and Mr. Francis Stuart, by virtue of his vision and his art, has, like the great Russian, succeeded in endowing a story of physical and moral violence with a spiritual intensity and meaning. The scene of it is a provincial Irish town, set against the sombre and dreadful background of the beleaguered German city where Ezra Arrigho learned his desperate nihilism; and, in atmosphere and in character, it could hardly be more Irish. But it reaches also to the universals. It is a book which will linger in the memory alike for that spiritual quality, for the beauty of the writing, and for the vivid reality of the people in it; whose actions, however outrageous, have the justification of inevitability.

F. B.

### A. A. M.

Many readers of *Punch* must remember contributions by Mr. A. A. Milne which gleamed in these pages with something that seemed the authentic gold of youth; his latest book, a collection of short stories, *Birthday Party*, shows but little of the gold and is less characteristic than might have been expected. It contains fifteen tales, one and all very readable, their subjects ranging from murder to mere misunderstanding, from the history of a film star who was dragged into fame by a helpful golden Labrador, to a tale of a war-bereaved father which, almost feminine in the frankness of its sentiment, will give the reader the only pang that this pleasant, lightly-written book can impart. A diary by Shakespeare explaining how he came to write Bacon's essays, a re-reading of King David's character which makes the Psalmist appear as a singularly unpleasant and dishonest person, a capital sketch of Hannibal and his A.D.C., all add to the light and shade of a volume of excellent entertainment. These stories do not dim each other as so often happens when the honour of collection is thrust upon work in this medium.

B. E. S.

### Algerian Snapshots

Algiers viewed with the inevitable detachment of a foreign visitor (*vis-à-vis* a British officer called Edward Langland who is left behind in the city after the war) is

the theme of Norman Lewis's *Samara*. The observations are sharp and to the point; the writing is smooth, and the scenes, though familiar enough to any casual visitor, are evoked with conviction; perhaps the most vivid character in the book is Madame Fortuna—an ambitious, rather stagey manipulator of male affairs who has a fondness for champagne and political dinner-parties—and the best moments of tension, which make exciting reading, are events such as the Senegalese uprising which ends in the gratuitous deaths of numerous Arabs, or the verbal snapshots of the underworld at "Charlesville." The palm-trees are here, so is the terrible heat, so too are the familiar faces and activities of the inhabitants, and beyond is the wild sweep of the desert; but all in all this does not make a novel of the quality of, say, "L'Etranger," by Camus, which showed a North African city from *within*. With *Samara*, which belongs more to the genre of the travel-book, the reader is left outside (as, for instance, one would be in a cinema), visually in contact with Algiers, but emotionally in some quite different region.

R. K.

### Books Reviewed Above

- Laughter in the Next Room.* Sir Osbert Sitwell. (Macmillan, 18/-)  
*An Autobiography and Other Essays.* G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans, 12/6)  
*Roads.* Madge Jenison. (W. H. Allen, 12/6)  
*W. B. Yeats.* A. Norman Jeffares. (Routledge, 21/-)  
*The Arts in England.* B. Ifor Evans and Mary Glasgow. (Falcon Press, 9/6)  
*World Without Visa.* Jean Malaquais. (Gollancz, 12/6)  
*Redemption.* Francis Stuart. (Gollancz, 9/-)  
*Birthday Party.* A. A. Milne. (Methuen, 8/6)  
*Samara.* Norman Lewis. (Cape, 9/-)

### Other Recommended Books

- Katherine Dunham: Her Dancers, Singers, Musicians.* Edited with an introduction by Richard Buckle. (Ballet Publications, 20/-) Hundreds of striking action photographs, most by Roger Wood, of Miss Dunham's principal dance compositions as they were seen here last autumn. Introduction (historical "background," discussion of her art) and picture captions in both English and French.  
*A Man Called White.* Walter White. (Gollancz, 18/-) Autobiography of the famous and respected Negro who, able to "pass" as white, has fought all his life for the better treatment of coloured people. Troubling, but profoundly impressive.  
*Holidays and Happy Days.* Edited and introduced by Oswald Blakeston. (Phoenix House, 10/6) Light-hearted symposium of accounts of "happy holidays," by ten writers, including John Arlott, Robert Herring, Louis Marlow, Stevie Smith. Cheerful and stimulating to the fancy.



"I got it through the National Health Service."



## That One is in an Old English Garden

**H**E is, I need hardly say, not English. His looks are good. His clothes are perfect. So are his manners.

None the less I should have preferred it, I think, if my parents had been here.

Not being here when needed is, however, a quality of my parents, and it was not an unusual happening when, on coming back from lunch, I found a note from my mother saying that she had forgotten to mention that she and my father were going out to tea and that there might be a young man coming in. Somebody who was staying with somebody, my mother could not remember who. It might of course not be this Sunday, but next Sunday. And it *mightn't* be anybody at all. My mother could not remember, but she had a *feeling* that she had asked somebody. She had probably written it down somewhere and was sure that she had put the paper in her bag, but she could not find it. I could get the chocolate biscuits out, if I liked.

If you knew my mother you would not find this difficult to understand. Anyhow it is this Sunday, and at four o'clock he arrives.

He would like tea in the garden, he says, above all things.

What he likes most in England, he says, are the lovely old gardens.

He is travelling.

He has been in Italy, he has been in France, and now he is in England.

Talking comes naturally to him.

Tea finished, he hesitates a little and then says that he has a camera.

He pauses.

He is evidently about to be gallant and to ask if he may take my photograph.

This is unexpected and flattery, for it has not been apparent that I interest him at all.

I am pleased with my dress, and I hope that my hair is all right.

When he gets home he will show my photograph to his family, I do not doubt.

Shall I be described as a typical English girl?

Yes. He would like, he says, a photograph in this beautiful English garden.

I smile ravishly.

He opens his camera.

"I will show it," he says, "when I get home. I have pictures in Rome," he says, "and in Florence. Also on the boulevards.

"You will find it quite easy," he says. "You just press this. I will stand, I think, over here."

He presses the camera into my hands.

o o

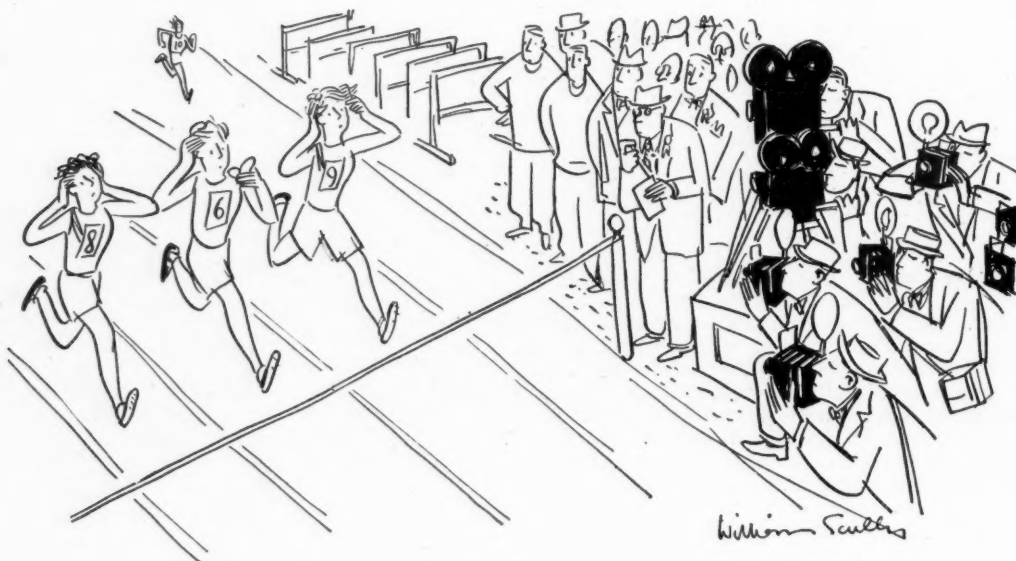
### Progress

**T**HE lavish Roman government, 'tis said,

Gave to its people spectacles and bread.

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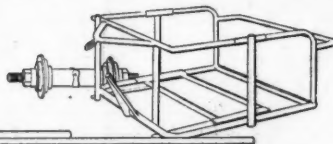
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## The fable of the lady and the frog

A certain Romantic Maiden, who was reckoned extremely beautiful in a rather old-fashioned way, once found a large Frog in her path, and dropped it a curtsy. "What's that in aid of?" asked the Frog. "Aren't you a prince in disguise?" she enquired, nettled. "No, Ma'am," said he, "I'm a Frog—in a hurry." And he hopped away, muttering under his breath.

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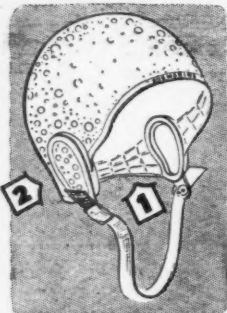


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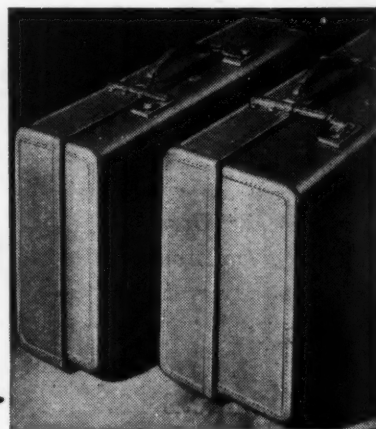


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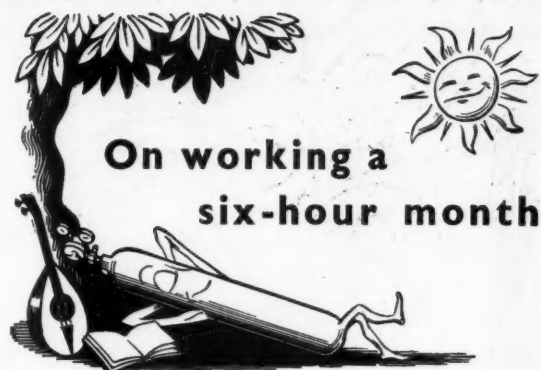
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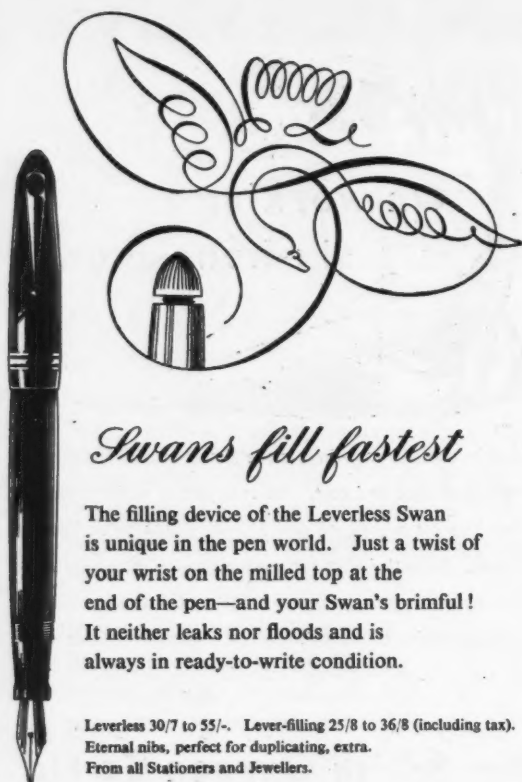
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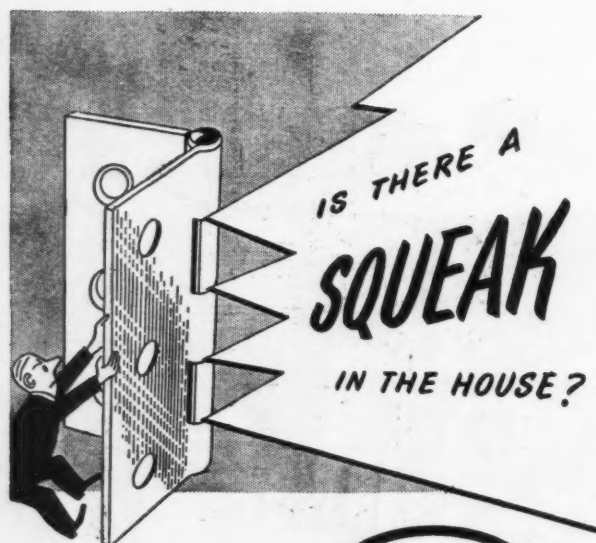
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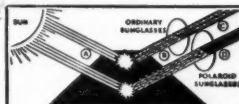


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